POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS;

BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

GLASGOW,
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POEMS

ON

EVERAL OCCASIONS.

TO MR. DRYDEN.

HOW long, great poet, ſhall thy ſacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and tranſcend our praiſe?
n neither injuries of time, or age,
mp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
t ſo thy Ovid in his exile wrote,
ief chill'd his breaſt, and check'd his riſing thought;
nſive and ſad, his drooping muſe betrays
he Roman genius in its laſt decays.
Prevailing warmth has ſtill thy mind poſſeſt,
d ſecond youth is kindled in thy breaſt;
ou mak'ſt the beauties of the Romans known,
d England boaſts of riches not her own;
y lines have heighten'd Virgil's majeſty,
d Horace wonders at himſelf in thee.
ou teacheſt Perſius to inform our iſle
ſmoother numbers and a clearer ſtyle;
d Juvenal, inſtructed in thy page
ges his ſatyr, and improves his rage.

Thy copy caſts a fairer light on all,
And ſtill out-ſhines the bright original.
Now Ovid boaſts th' advantage of thy ſong,
And tells his ſtory in the Britiſh tongue;
Thy charming verſe, and fair tranſlations, ſhow,
How thy own laurel firſt began to grow;
How wild Lycaon chang'd by angry gods,
And frighted at himſelf, ran howling thro' the woods.
O mayſt thou ſtill the noble taſk prolong,
Nor age, nor ſickneſs interrupt thy ſong:
Then may we wondering read, how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms, and diſſolv'd in ſtreams;
Of thoſe rich fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold:
How ſome in feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have liv'd a ſecond life, and different natures try'd.
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himſelf can tell.

Magd. Coll. Oxon,
June 2. 1693.

The Author's Age 22.

A

POEM

TO HIS

MAJESTY.

PRESENTED TO THE LORD-KEEPER.

King WILLIAM. *Printed in the Year* 1695. *The Author's Age*, 24.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR JOHN SOMERS,

LORD-KEEPER of the GREAT SEAL.

IF yet your thoughts are loose from state affairs,
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares,
If yet your time and actions are your own,
Receive the present of a muse unknown:
A muse that in advent'rous numbers sings
The rout of armies, and the fall of kings,
Britain advanc'd, and Europe's peace restor'd,
By Somers' counsels, and by Nassau's sword.
To you, my lord, these daring thoughts belong
Who help'd to raise the subject of my song;
To you the Hero of my verse reveals
His great designs, to you in council tells
His inmost thoughts, determining the doom
Of towns unstorm'd, and battles yet to come.
And well cou'd you, in your immortal strains,
Describe his conduct, and reward his pains:
But since the state has all your cares engrost,
And poetry in higher thoughts is lost,

Attend to what a leſſer muſe indites,
Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights.
On you, my lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment muſt expect my fate,
Who, free from vulgar paſſions, are above
Degrading envy, or miſguided love;
If you, well-pleas'd, ſhall ſmile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raiſe,
For next to what you write, is what you praiſe.

TO THE KING.

WHEN now the bus'nesſ of the field is o'er,
The trumpets ſleep, and cannons ceaſe to roar,
When ev'ry diſmal echo is decay'd,
And all the thunder of the battle laid;
Attend, auſpicious prince, and let the muſe
In humble accents milder thoughts infuſe.
Others, in bold prophetic numbers ſkill'd,
Set thee in arms, and led thee to the field;
My muſe expecting on the Britiſh ſtrand
Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land:
She oft has ſeen thee preſſing on the foe,
When Europe was concern'd in ev'ry blow;
But durſt not in heroic ſtrains rejoice;
The trumpets, drums, and cannons drown'd her voice:
She ſaw the Boyne run thick with human gore,
And floating corps lye beating on the ſhore:
She ſaw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain
To trace her Hero through the duſty plain,
When through the thick embattl'd lines he broke,
Now plung'd amidſt the foes, now loſt in clouds of ſmoke.
O that ſome muſe, renown'd for lofty verſe,
In daring numbers wou'd thy toils rehearſe!

Draw thee belov'd in peace, and fear'd in wars,
Inur'd to noon-day ſweats, and mid-night cares!
But ſtill the god-like man, by ſome hard fate,
Receives the glory of his toils too late;
Too late the verſe the mighty act ſucceeds,
One age the hero, one the poet breeds.

A thouſand years in full ſucceſſion ran,
Ere Virgil rais'd his voice and ſung the man,
Who, driv'n by ſtreſs of fate, ſuch dangers bore
On ſtormy ſeas, and a diſaſtrous ſhore,
Before he ſettled in the promis'd earth,
And gave the empire of the world its birth.

Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce,
Ere Homer muſter'd up their troops in verſe;
Long had Achilles quell'd the Trojans luſt,
And laid the labour of the gods in duſt,
Before the tow'ring muſe began her flight,
And drew the hero raging in the fight,
Engag'd in tented fields, and rolling floods,
Or ſlaught'ring mortals, or a match for gods.

And here, perhaps, by fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That ſhall in WILLIAM's god-like acts engage,
And with his battles, warm a future age.
Hibernian fields ſhall here thy conqueſts ſhow,
And Boyne be ſung, when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here Gallic labours ſhall advance thy fame,
And here Seneffe ſhall wear another name.
Our late poſterity with ſecret dread,
Shall view thy battles, and with pleaſure read

How, in the bloody field, too near advanc'd,
The guiltless bullet on thy shoulder glanc'd.
The race of NASSAUS was by heav'n design'd
To curb the proud oppressors of mankind,
To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
And fight in ev'ry injur'd nation's cause,
The world's great patriots; they for justice call,
And as they favour, kingdoms rise or fall.
Our British youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
Careless of fame, and negligent of arms,
Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
And hear'd unwarm'd the martial trumpet blow;
But now, inspir'd by thee, with fresh delight,
Their swords they brandish, and require the fight,
Renew their ancient conquests on the main,
And act their father's triumphs o'er again;
Fir'd, when they hear how Agincourt was strow'd
With Gallic corps, and Cressi swam in blood,
With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
Who first shall storm the breach, or mount the wall.
In vain the thronging enemy by force
Would clear the ramparts, and repel their course;
They break through all, for WILLIAM leads the way,
Where fires rage most, and loudest engines play.
Namure's late terrors and destruction show,
What WILLIAM, warm'd with just revenge, can do;
Where once a thousand turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded spires, and glitter'd in the sky,
An undistinguish'd heap of dust is found,
And all the pile lies smoaking on the ground.

His toils for no ignoble ends design'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears,
The cries of Orphans and the widow's tears;
Oppreſt religion gives the firſt alarms,
And injur'd juſtice ſets him in his arms;
His conqueſts freedom to the world afford,
And nations bleſs the labours of his ſword.

Thus when the forming muſe wou'd copy forth
A perfect pattern of heroic worth,
She ſets a man triumphant in the field,
O'er giants cloven down, and monſters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and ſmear'd with duſt and ſweat,
Whilſt angry gods conſpire to make him great.

Thy navy rides on ſeas before unpreſt,
And ſtrikes a terror through the haughty Eaſt;
Algiers and Tunis from their ſultry ſhoar
With horror hear the Britiſh engines roar,
Fain from the neighb'ring dangers wou'd they run,
And with themſelves ſtill nearer to the ſun.
The Gallic ſhips are in their ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common uſe of ſea and wind,
Nor dare again the Britiſh ſtrength engage;
Still they remember that deſtructive rage,
Which lately made their trembling hoſts retire,
Stunn'd with the noiſe, and wrap'd in ſmoke and fire;
The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were ſtrow'd,
And planks, and arms, and men, promiſcuous flow'd.

Spain's numerous fleet that periſht on our coaſt,
Cou'd ſcarce a longer line of battle boaſt,

he winds cou'd hardly drive 'em to their fate,
d all the ocean labour'd with the weight.
Where e'er the waves in restless errors rowle,
he sea lies open now to either pole:
ow may we safely use the Northern gales,
nd in the Polar Circle spread our sails;
r deep in Southern climes, secure from wars,
ew lands explore, and sail by other stars;
etch uncontroll'd each labour of the sun,
nd make the product of the world our own.
At length, proud prince, ambitious Lewis, cease
o plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace;
hink on the structures which thy pride has ras'd,
n towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waste;
hink on the heaps of corps, and streams of blood;
n ev'ry guilty plain, and purple flood,
hy arms have made, and cease an impious war,
or waste the lives entrusted to thy care.
r if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
ehold the great avenger of mankind,
ee mighty NASSAU through the battle ride,
nd see thy subjects gasping by his side:
ain wou'd the pious prince refuse th' alarm,
ain wou'd he check the fury of his arm;
ut when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
he hero kindles with becoming rage,
hen countries stoln, and captives unrestor'd,
ive strength to every blow, and edge his sword.
ehold with what resistless force he falls
n towns besieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!

Ask Villeroy, for Villeroy beheld
The town surrender'd and the treaty seal'd;
With what amazing strength the forts were won,
Whilst the whole pow'r of France stood looking on.
But stop not here: behold where Berkley stands,
And excutes his injur'd king's commands;
Around thy coast his bursting bombs he pours
On flaming citadels, and falling tow'rs;
With hizzing streams of fire the air they streak,
And hurl destruction round 'em where they break;
The skies with long ascending flames are bright,
And all the sea reflects a quivering light.
Thus Aetna, when in fierce eruptions broke,
Fills heav'n with ashes, and the earth with smoke;
Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten stones and scatter'd cinders fly:
Its fury reaches the remotest coast,
And strows the Asiatic shore with dust.
Now does the sailor from the neighbouring main
Look after Gallic towns and forts in vain;
No more his wonted marks he can descry,
But sees a long unmeasur'd ruin lie;
Whilst, pointing to the naked coast, he shows
His wond'ring mates where towns and steeples rose,
Where crowded citizens he lately view'd
And singles out the place where once St. Maloes stood.
Here Russel's actions should my muse require;
And wou'd my strength but second my desire,
I'd all his boundless bravery rehearse,
And draw his cannons thund'ring in my verse;

ſigh on the deck ſhou'd the great leader ſtand,
Wrath in his look, and lightning in his hand;
Like Homer's Hector when he flung his fire
Amidſt a thouſand ſhips, and made all Greece retire.
But who can run the Britiſh triumphs o'er,
And count the flames diſperſt on ev'ry ſhore?
Who can deſcribe the ſcatter'd victory,
And draw the reader on from ſea to ſea?
Alſe who cou'd Ormond's god-like acts refuſe,
Ormond the theme of ev'ry Oxford muſe?
Vain wou'd I here his mighty worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chaſe of fame,
Through all the noiſe and hurry of the fight,
Obſerve each blow, and keep him ſtill in ſight.
Ah, did our Britiſh Peers thus court renown,
And grace the coats their great fore-fathers won!
Our arms wou'd then triumphantly advance,
For Henry be the laſt that conquer'd France.
What might not England hope, if ſuch abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood:
Then ſuch, detain'd at home, ſupport our ſtate
WILLIAM's ſtead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
The ſchemes of Gallic policy o'er-throw,
And blaſt the counſels of the common foe;
Direct our armies and diſtribute right,
And render our MARIA's loſs more light.
But ſtop, my muſe, th' ungrateful ſound forbear,
MARIA's name ſtill wounds each Britiſh ear:
Each Britiſh heart MARIA ſtill does wound,
And tears burſt out unbidden at the ſound;

MARIA ſtill our riſing mirth deſtroys,
Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.
  But ſee, at length, the Britiſh ſhips appear!
Our NASSAU comes! and as his fleet draws near,
The riſing maſts advance, the ſails grow white,
And all his pompous navy floats in ſight.
Come, mighty prince, deſir'd of Britain, come!
May heav'n's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crowds behold that look,
Which ſuch confuſion and amazement ſtrook
Through Gallic hoſts: but, oh! let us deſcry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleaſure in thy eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found,
But for a-while forget the trumpet's ſound;
Well-pleas'd, thy people's loyalty approve,
Accept their duty, and enjoy their love.
For as when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidſt the tumult of the fight,
Whole heaps of death encompas'd you around,
And ſteeds o'er-turn'd lay foming on the ground:
So crown'd with laurels now, where-e'er you go,
Around you blooming joys, and peaceful bleſſings flow.

A

TRANSLATION

OF ALL

VIRGIL's

FOURTH GEORGICK,

EXCEPT THE STORY OF ARISTAEUS.

ETHEREAL ſweets ſhall next my muſe engage,
And this, Maecenas, claims your patronage.
Of little creatures wond'rous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their ſtate,
Their laws, employments, and their wars relate.
A trifling theme provokes my humble lays,
Trifling the theme, not ſo the poet's praiſe,
If great Apollo and the tuneful nine
Join in the piece to make the work divine.
Firſt, for your bees a proper ſtation find,
That's fenc'd about, and ſhelter'd from the wind;
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The ſwarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive.
Nor ſheep, nor goats, muſt paſture near their ſtores,
To trample under foot the ſpringing flowers;
Nor friſking heifers bound about the place,
To ſpurn the dew-drops off, and bruiſe the riſing graſs:
Nor muſt the lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor wood-pecks, nor the ſwallow harbour near.

They waſte the ſwarms, and as they fly along
Convey the tender morſels to their young.

Let purling ſtreams, and fountains edg'd with mo
And ſhallow rills run trickling through the graſs;
Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or palms ſhoot up, and ſhade the ſtreams below;
That when the youth, led by their princes, ſhun
The crowded hive, and ſport it in the ſun,
Refreſhing ſprings may tempt 'em from the heat,
And ſhady coverts yield a cool retreat.

Whether the neighb'ring water ſtands or runs,
Lay twigs acroſs, and bridge it o'er with ſtones;
That if rough ſtorms, or ſudden blaſts of wind
Should dip, or ſcatter thoſe that lag behind,
Here they may ſettle on the friendly ſtone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the ſun.
Plant all the flow'ry banks with lavender,
With ſtore of ſav'ry ſcent the fragrant air,
Let running betony the field o'erſpread,
And fountains ſoak the violet's dewy bed.

Tho' barks or plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive;
For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,
And, melted down with heat, the waxen buildings drop
The bees of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax aronnd the whiſtling cranies ſpread,
And ſuck out clammy dews from herbs and flow'rs,
To ſmear the chinks, and plaiſter up the pores:
For this they hoard up glew whoſe clinging drops,
Like pitch or birdlime, hang in ſtringy ropes,

They oft, 'tis ſaid, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in ſubterraneous caves their cell;
At other times th' induſtrious inſects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.
Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves muſt thinly on your work be ſtrow'd;
But let no baleful eugh-tree flouriſh near,
Nor rotten marſhes ſend out ſteams of mire;
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire.
Nor neighb'ring caves return the dying ſound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
Things thus prepar'd——
When th'under-world is ſeiz'd with cold and night,
And ſummer here deſcends in ſtreams of light,
The bees thro' woods and foreſts take their flight.
They rifle ev'ry flow'r, and lightly ſkim
The chryſtal brook, and ſip the running ſtream;
And thus they feed their young with ſtrange delight,
And knead the yielding wax, and work the ſlimy ſweet.
But when on high you ſee the bees repair,
Born on the winds thro' diſtant tracts of air,
And view the winged cloud all blackning from afar;
While ſhady coverts, and freſh ſtreams they chuſe,
Milfoil and common honey-ſuckles bruiſe,
And ſprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice.
On brazen veſſels beat a tinkling ſound,
And ſhake the cymbals of the goddeſs round;
Then all will haſtily retreat, and fill
The warm reſounding hollow of their cell.

'If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the ſtate,
The peoples actions will their thoughts declare;
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;
Hoarſe broken ſounds, like trumpet's harſh alarms,
Run thro' the hive, and call 'em to their arms;
All in a hurry ſpread their ſhiv'ring wings,
And fit their claws, and point their angry ſtings:
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight:
At laſt, when all the heav'ns are warm and fair
They ruſh together out, and join the air;
Swarms thick, and echo's with the humming war.
All in a firm round cluſter mix, and ſtrow
With heaps of little corps the earth below;
As thick as hail-ſtones from the floor rebound,
Or ſhaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No ſenſe of danger can their kings controul,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty ſoul:
Each obſtinate in arms purſues his blow,
'Till ſhameful flight ſecures the routed foe.
This hot diſpute and all this mighty fray
A little duſt flung upward will allay.

But when both kings are ſettled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worſt, and leſt he live
Idle at home in eaſe and luxury,
The lazy monarch muſt be doom'd to die;
So let the royal inſect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.

The kings are different; one of better note
All speckt with gold, and many a shining spot,
Looks gay, and glistens in a gilded coat;
But love of ease, and sloth in one prevails,
That scarce his hanging paunch behind him trails:
The people's looks are different as their king's,
Some sparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
Others look loathsome and diseas'd with sloth,
Like a faint traveller whose dusty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and spits a maukish froth.
The first are best——
From their o'erflowing combs, you'll often press
Pure luscious sweets that mingling in the glass
Correct the harshness of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour through the wine diffuse.
But when they sport abroad, and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th'unfinish'd comb;
Their airy ramblings are with ease confin'd,
Clip their king's wings, and if they stay behind
No bold usurper dares invade their right,
Nor sound a march, nor give the sign for flight.
Let flow'ry banks entice 'em to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native smells;
Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the scare-crow god.
Wild thyme and pine-trees from their barren hill
Transplant, and nurse 'em in the neighbouring soil,
Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy sloth,
But water 'em, and urge their shady growth.

And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And ſtriking ſail, and making to the ſhore,
I'd ſhew what art the gardner's toils require,
Why roſy Paeſtum bluſhes twice a year;
What ſtreams the verdant ſuccory ſupply,
And how the thirſty plant drinks rivers dry;
What with a chearful green does parſly grace,
And writhes the bellying cucumber along the twiſted [graſs
Nor wou'd I paſs the ſoft acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle-trees that love the ſhore;
Nor daffadils, that late from earth's ſlow womb
Unrumple their ſwoln buds, and ſhow their yellow bloom.

For once I ſaw in the Tarentine vale,
Where ſlow Galeſus drencht the waſhy ſoil,
An old Corycian yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor paſture grac'd the field,
Nor wou'd the vine her purple harveſt yield;
But ſav'ry herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and poppy-flowers his garden crown'd,
And drooping lillies whiten'd all the ground.
Bleſt with theſe riches he cou'd empires ſlight,
And when he reſted from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchas'd dainties wou'd afford,
And his own garden furniſh out his board:
The ſpring did firſt his opening roſes blow,
Firſt ripening autumn bent his fruitful bough.
When piercing colds had burſt the brittle ſtone,
And freezing rivers ſtiffen'd as they run,

He then wou'd prune the tender'ſt of his trees,
Chide the late ſpring, and lingring weſtern breeze:
His bees firſt ſwarm'd, and made his veſſels foam
With the rich ſqueezing of the juicy comb.
Here lindens and the ſappy pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flow'rs his ſmiling orchard dreſt,
As many bloſſoms as the ſpring cou'd ſhow,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
And thorns ennobled now to bear a plumb,
And ſpreading plane-trees, where ſupinely laid
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the ſhade.
But theſe for want of room I muſt omit,
And leave for future poets to recite.

Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which Jove himſelf did on the bees confer;
Becauſe, invited by the timbrel's ſound,
Lodg'd in a cave, th' almighty babe they found
And the young god nurſt kindly under ground.

Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air,
Theſe only make their young their public care:
In well-diſpos'd ſocieties they live,
And laws and ſtatutes regulate their hive;
Nor ſtray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know ſet ſtations, and a fix'd abode:
Each provident of cold in ſummer flies
Thro' fields and woods, to ſeek for new ſupplies,
And in the common ſtock unlades his thighs.
Some watch the food, ſome in the meadows ply,
Taſte ev'ry bud, and ſuck each bloſſom dry;

Whilſt others, lab'ring in their cells at home,
Temper Narciſſus' clammy tears with gum,
For the firſt ground-work of the golden comb;
On this they found their waxen works, and raiſe
The yellow fabric on his glewy baſe.
Some educate the young, or hatch the ſeed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
Whilſt others thicken all the ſlimy dews,
And into pureſt honey work the juice;
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and ſwell
With luſcious nectar ev'ry flowing cell.
By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the heav'ns, and ſearch the clouded ſkies
To find out breeding ſtorms, and tell what tempeſts
rise.
By turns they eaſe the loaden ſwarms, or drive
The drone, a lazy inſect, from their hive.
The work is warmly ply'd through all the cells,
And ſtrong with thyme the new-made honey ſmells.
So in their caves the brawny Cyclops ſweat,
When with huge ſtrokes the ſtubborn wedge they [beat,
And all th' unſhapen thunder-bolt compleat;
Alternately their hammers riſe and fall;
Whilſt griping tongs turn round the glowing ball.
With puffing bellows ſome the flames increaſe,
And ſome in waters dip the hiſſing maſs;
Their beaten anvils dreadfully reſound,
And Ætna ſhakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.
Thus, if great things we may with ſmall compare,
The buſy ſwarms their different labours ſhare.

ſire of profit urges all degrees;
he aged inſects, by experience wiſe,
tend the comb, and faſhion ev'ry part,
nd ſhape the waxen fret-work out with art:
he young at night, returning from their toils,
ing home their thighs clog'd with the meadows ſpoils.
n lavender, and ſaffron buds they feed,
n bending oſiers, and the balmy reed,
om purple violets and the teil they bring
heir gather'd ſweets, and rifle all the ſpring.
All work together, all together reſt,
he morning ſtill renews their labours paſt;
hen all ruſh out, their different taſks purſue,
on the bloom, and ſuck the rip'ning dew;
gain when evening warns 'em to their home,
ith weary wings, and heavy thighs they come,
nd crowd about the chink, and mix a drowſy hum.
to their cells at length they gently creep,
here all the night their peaceful ſtation keep,
rapt up in ſilence, and diſſolv'd in ſleep.
one range abroad when winds or ſtorms are nigh,
or truſt their bodies to a faithleſs ſky,
t make ſmall journies, with a careful wing,
nd fly to water at a neighbouring ſpring;
nd leſt their airy bodies ſhould be caſt
reſtleſs whirls, the ſport of ev'ry blaſt,
hey carry ſtones to poiſe 'em in their flight,
ballaſt keeps th' unſteady veſſel right.
But of all cuſtoms that the bees can boaſt,
is this may challenge admiration moſt;

That none will Hymen's ſofter joys approve,
Nor waſte their ſpirits in luxurious love,
But all along virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain:
From herbs and flowers they pick each tender bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From theſe they chuſe out ſubjects, and create
A little monarch of the riſing ſtate;
Then build wax-kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his reſidence.
But often in their journies, as they flie,
On flints they tear their ſilken wings, or lye
Grov'ling beneath their flow'ry load, and die.
Thus love of honey can an infect fire,
And in a fly ſuch generous thoughts inſpire.
Yet by re-peopling their decaying ſtate,
Tho' ſeven ſhort ſprings conclude their vital date,
Their ancient ſtocks eternally remain,
And in an endleſs race the childrens children reign.
No proſtrate vaſſal of the Eaſt can more
With ſlaviſh fear his haughty prince adore;
His life unites 'em all; but when he dies,
All in loud tumults and diſtractions riſe;
They waſte their honey, and their combs deface,
And wild confuſion reigns in ev'ry place.
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
And crowd about his courts, and buzz about his throne
Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
Oft in his cauſe embattled in the air,
Purſue a glorious death, in wounds and war.

Some from ſuch inſtances as theſe have taught
The bees extract is heav'nly; for they thought
The univerſe alive; and that a ſoul,
Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,
To all the vaſt unbounded frame was giv'n,
And ran thro' earth, and air, and ſea, and all the deep
of heav'n;
That this firſt kindled life in man and beaſt,
Life that again flows into this at laſt.
That no compounded animal could die,
But when diſſolv'd, the ſpirit mounted high,
Dwelt in a ſtar, and ſettled in the ſky.
When-e'er their balmy ſweets you mean to ſeize,
nd take the liquid labours of the bees,
urt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
loathſome cloud of ſmoak amidſt their hive.
Twice in the year their flow'ry toils begin,
nd twice they fetch their dewy harveſt in;
nce when the lovely Pleiades ariſe,
nd add freſh luſtre to the ſummer ſkies;
nd once when haſt'ning from the watry ſign
hey quit their ſtation, and forbear to ſhine.
The bees are prone to rage, and often found
o periſh for revenge, and die upon the wound.
heir venom'd ſting produces aking pains,
nd ſwells the fleſh, and ſhoots among the veins.
When firſt a cold hard winter's ſtorms arrive,
nd threaten death or famine to their hive,
now their ſinking ſtate and low affairs
n move your pity, and provoke your cares,

Fresh burning thyme before their cells convey,
And cut their dry and husky wax away;
For often lizards seize the luscious spoils,
Or drones that riot on another's toils:
Oft broods of moths infest the hungry swarms,
And oft the furious wasp their hive alarms
With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
Or else the spider at their entrance sets
Her snares, and spins her bowels into nets.

When sickness reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)
By certain marks the new disease is seen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin;
Their funeral rites are form'd, and ev'ry bee
With grief attends the sad solemnity;
The few diseas'd survivors hang before
Their sickly cells, and droop about the door,
Or slowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold;
In drawling hums, the feeble insects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo thro' the hive,
Like winds that softly murmur thro' the trees,
Like flames pent up, or like retiring seas.
Now lay fresh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilst frying gums
Cast round a fragrant mist of spicy fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famish'd swarm to eat,
And gently reconcile 'em to their meat.
Mix juice of galls, and wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a slime;

To these dry'd roses, thyme and cent'ry join,
And raisins ripen'd on the Psythian vine.
Besides there grows a flow'r in marshy ground,
Its name Amellus, easy to be found;
A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shews itself in leaves:
The flow'r itself is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
The leaves shoot thick about the flow'r and grow
Into a bush, and shade the turf below:
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altars posts, and beautifies the shrines;
Its taste is sharp, in vales new-shorn it grows,
Where Mella's stream in watry mazes flows.
Take plenty of its roots, and boil 'em well
In wine, and heap 'em up before the cell.

But if the whole stock fail, and none survive;
To raise new people, and recruit the hive,
I'll here the great experiment declare,
That spread th' Arcadian shepherd's name so far.
How bees from blood of slaughter'd bulls have fled,
And swarms amidst the red corruption bred.

For where th' Egyptians yearly see their bounds
Refresh'd with floods, and sail about their grounds,
Where Persia borders, and the rolling Nile
Drives swiftly down the swarthy Indians soil,
'Till into seven it multiplies its stream,
And fattens Egypt with a fruitful slime:
In this last practice all their hope remains,
And long experience justifies their pains.

First then a close contracted space of ground,
With straighten'd walls and low-built roof they found
A narrow shelving light is next assign'd
To all the quarters, one to every wind;
Thro' these the glancing rays obliquely pierce:
Hither they lead a bull that's young and fierce,
When two years growth of horn he proudly shows,
And shakes the comely terrors of his brows:
His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death.
With violence to life and stifling pain
He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain,
Loud heavy blows fall thick on ev'ry side,
'Till his bruis'd bowels burst within the hide.
When dead they leave him rotting on the ground,
With branches, thyme, and cassia, strow'd around.
All this is done when first the western breeze
Becalms the year, and smooths the troubled seas;
Before the chattering swallow builds her nest,
Or fields in spring's embroidery are drest.
Mean while the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens as it works: and now are seen
A wond'rous swarm, that o'er the carcass crawls,
Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd animals.
No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
Now strikes the air with quiv'ring wings, and tries
To lift its body up, and learns to rise;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the bee at length appears;

From every ſide the fruitful carcaſs pours
Its ſwarming brood, as thick as ſummer-ſhow'rs,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When twanging ſtrings firſt ſhoot 'em on the foes.
Thus have I ſung the nature of the bee;
While Caeſar, tow'ring to divinity;
The frighted Indians with his thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a god;
I flouriſh'd all the while in arts of peace,
Retir'd and ſhelter'd in inglorious eaſe:
I who before the ſongs of ſhepherds made,
When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
And ſet my Tityrus beneath his ſhade.

A SONG.

FOR ST. CECILIA's DAY AT OXFORD.

I.

CECILIA, whoſe exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the bleſt,
In choirs of warbling Seraphims
Known and diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
Attend, harmonious ſaint, and ſee,
Thy vocal ſons of harmony;
Attend, harmonious ſaint, and hear our pray'rs;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And, as thou ſing'ſt thy God, teach us to ſing of thee:
Tune ev'ry ſtring and ev'ry tongue,
Be thou the muſe and ſubject of our ſong.

II.

Let all Cecilia's praiſe proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark how the flutes and trumpets raiſe,
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays;
The organ labours in her praiſe.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
From ev'ry voice the tuneful accents fly,
In ſoaring trebles now it riſes high,
And now it ſinks, and dwells upon the baſe.
Cecilia's name through all the notes we ſing,
The work of ev'ry ſkilful tongue,
The ſound of ev'ry trembling ſtring,
The ſound and triumph of our ſong.

III.

For ever conſecrate the day,
To muſic and Cecilia;
Muſic the greateſt good that mortals know,
And all of heav'n we have below.
Muſic can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unſuſpected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with ſecret art.
When Orpheus ſtrikes the trembling lyre,
The ſtreams ſtand ſtill, the ſtones admire;
The liſt'ning ſavages advance,
The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in aukward meaſures leap,
And tygers mingle in the dance.
The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And Rhodope was left without a ſhade.

IV.

Muſic religious heats inſpires,
It wakes the ſoul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with ſublime deſires,
And fits it to beſpeak the Deity.
Th' Almighty liſtens to a tuneful tongue,
And ſeems well-pleas'd and courted with a ſong.
Soft moving ſounds and heav'nly airs
Give force to ev'ry word, and recommend our pray'rs.
When time itſelf ſhall be no more,
And all things in confuſion hurl'd,
Muſic ſhall then exert its pow'r,
And ſound ſurvive the ruins of the world:
Then ſaints and angels ſhall agree
In one eternal jubilee:
All heav'n ſhall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himſelf with pleaſure ſee
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Conſecrate the place and day,
To muſic and Cecilia.
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely ſhake the tuneful air,
Nor ſpoil the fleeting ſounds.
Nor mournful ſigh nor groan be heard,
But gladneſs dwell on ev'ry tongue;
Whilſt all, with voice and ſtrings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious ſong,
And imitate the bleſt above,
In joy, and harmony, and love.

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE GREATEST

ENGLISH POETS

To Mr. Henry Sacheverell, April 3. 1694.

'SINCE, dearest Harry, you will needs request
'A short account of all the muse possest,
'That down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
'Have spent their noble rage in British rhimes;
'Without more preface, writ in formal length,
'To speak the undertaker's want of strength,
'I'll try to make their sev'ral beauties known,
'And show their verses worth, tho' not my own.'

Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful nine;
'Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhime, and prose.
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit:
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.

Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where-e'er the poet's fancy led, pursu'd

Thro' pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lyes too plain below.
We view well pleas'd at distance all the sights
Of arms and palfries, battles, fields and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights.
But when we look too near, the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.
Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:
His turns too closely on the reader press:
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise.
As in the milky-way a shining white
O'er-flows the heav'ns with one continu'd light;
That not a single star can shew his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;
Thy fault is only wit in its excess:
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre:
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd strain,
And forc'd expression, imitate in vain?

Well pleas'd in thee he ſoars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verſe, and takes a nobl

Bleſt man! whoſe ſpotleſs life and charming lays
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praiſe:
Bleſt man! who now ſhalt be for ever known,
In Sprat's ſucceſsful labours and thy own.

But Milton next, with high and haughty ſtalks,
Unfetter'd in majeſtic numbers walks;
No vulgar hero can his muſe engage;
Nor earth's wide ſcene confine his hallow'd rage:
See! ſee! he upward ſprings, and tow'ring high
Spurns the dull province of mortality,
Shakes heav'n's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And ſets th' almighty thunderer in arms.
What-e'er his pen deſcribes I more than ſee,
Whilſt ev'ry verſe array'd in majeſty,
Bold, and ſublime, my whole attention draws,
And ſeems above the critic's nicer laws.
How are you ſtruck with terror and delight,
When angel with arch-angel copes in fight!
When great Meſſiah's out-ſpread banner ſhines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What ſounds of brazen wheels, what thunder, ſcare,
And ſtun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my ſpirits and my blood retire,
To ſee the ſeraphs ſunk in clouds of fire;
But when with eager ſteps, from hence I riſe,
And view the firſt gay ſcenes of paradiſe;
What tongue, what words of rapture can expreſs
A viſion ſo profuſe of pleaſantneſs.

h had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
o varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men;
s other works might have deserv'd applause!
t now the language can't support the cause;
hile the clean current, tho' serene and bright,
trays a bottom odious to the sight.
But now, my muse, a softer strain rehearse,
urn ev'ry line with art, and smooth thy verse;
he courtly Waller next commands thy lays:
use tune thy verse with art, to Waller's praise.
hile tender airs and lovely dames inspire
ft melting thoughts, and propagate desire;
long shall Waller's strains our passion move,
d Sacharissa's beauties kindle love.
hy verse, harmonious bard, and flatt'ring song,
n make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong.
hy verse can show ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
d compliment the storms that bore him hence.
h had thy muse not come an age too soon,
t seen great Nassau on the British throne!
ow had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
d warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
hat scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
d how had Boyne's wide current reek'd in blood!
if Maria's charms thou wou'd'st rehearse,
smoother numbers and a softer verse;
hy pen had well described her graceful air,
d Gloriana would have seem'd more fair.
Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
hat makes ev'n rules a noble poetry:

Rules whose deep sense and heav'nly numbers show
The best of criticks, and of poets too.
Nor, Denham, must we e'er forget thy strains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighb'ring plains.
But see where artful Dryden next appears
Grown old in rhime, but charming ev'n in years.
Great Dryden next, whose tuneful muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her heroe pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourish'd, shou'd decay with thee;
Did not the muses other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's muse shall in his friend survive.
I'm tir'd with rhiming, and would fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more.
The noble Montague remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd;
To Dorset he directs his artful muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains;

ow Naſſau's god-like acts adorn his lines,
nd all the heroe in full glory ſhines!
Ve ſee his army ſet in juſt array,
nd Boyne's dy'd waves run purple to the ſea.
Nor Simois choak'd with men, and arms, and blood;
Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
hall longer be the poet's higheſt themes, [ſtreams.
Though gods and heroes fought promiſcuous in their
ut now to Naſſau's ſecret councils rais'd,
e aids the heroe, whom before he prais'd.
' I've done at length; and now dear friend, receive
The laſt poor preſent that my muſe can give.
leave the arts of poetry and verſe
To them that practiſe 'em with more ſucceſs,
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,
And ſo at once, dear friend and muſe, farewel.

LETTERA SCRITTA D'ITALIA

AL MOLTO ONORABILE

CARLO CONTE HALIFAX

DAL SIGNORE GIUSEPPE ADDISON

l'Anno MDCCI. IN VERSI INGLESI.

E TRADOTTA IN VERSI TOSCANI. †

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virûm! tibi res antiquae laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.

MENTRE, Signor, l'ombre villesche attraggono
E di Britannia dagli ufici toltovi
Non piu, ch' a suoi ingrati figli piaccia
Per lor vantaggio, vostro ozio immolate;
Me in esteri regni il fato invia
Entro genti feconde in carmi eterni,
O la dolce stagion, e'l vago Clima
Fanno, che vostra quiete in versi io turbi.
Ovunque io giri i mei rapiti lumi,
Scene auree, liete, e chiare viste inalzansi,

† *By the Abbot Anton. Maria Salvini Greek Professor at Florence.*

A

LETTER FROM ITALY,

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX

IN THE YEAR MDCCI.

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! tibi res antiquae laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.

VIRG. GEORG. 2.

WHILE you, my lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
or longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
r their advantage sacrifice your ease;
e into foreign realms my fate conveys,
hrough nations fruitful of immortal lays,
here the soft season and inviting clime
nspire to trouble your repose with rhime.
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes,
ay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise.

Attornianmi poetiche compagne,
Parmi ognor di calcar classico suolo;
Sì sovente ivi musa accordò l' Arpa,
Che non cantato niun colle sorgevi,
Celebre in versi ivi ogni pianta cresce,
E in celeste armonia ciascun rio corre.

Come mi giova a cercar poggi, e boschi
Per chiare fonti, e celebrati fiumi,
Alla Nera veder fiera in suo corso,
Tracciar Clitumno chiaro in sua sorgente,
Veder condur sua schiera d' acque il Mincio
Per lunghi giri di feconda ripa,
E d' Albula canuta il guado infetto
Suo caldo letto di fumante solfo.

Di mille estasi acceso io sopraveggio
Correre il Po per praterie fiorite
De fiumi re, che sovra i pian scorrendo,
Le torreggianti Alpi in natia muraglia
Della metà di loro umore asciuga:
Superbo, e gonfio dell' hiberne nevi.
L' abbondanza comparte ov' egli corre.

Talor smarrito dal drappel sonoro,
I rii rimiro immortalati in canto,
Che giacciosi in silenzio, e oblio perduti,
(Muti i lor fonti son, secche lor vene)
Pur, per senno di muse, ei son perenni,
Lor mormorio perenne in tersi carmi.

Talora al gentil Tebro io mi ritiro,
Le vote ripe del gran fiume ammiro,
Che privo di poter suo corso tragge

oetic fields encompaſs me around,
nd ſtill I ſeem to tread on Claſſic ground;
or here the muſe ſo oft her harp has ſtrung,
hat not a mountain rears its head unſung,
enown'd in verſe each ſhady thicket grows,
nd ev'ry ſtream in heavenly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to ſearch the hills and woods
or riſing ſprings and celebrated floods!
o view the Nar, tumultuous in his courſe,
nd trace the ſmooth Clitumnus to his ſource,
o ſee the Mincio draw his watry ſtore
hrough the long windings of a fruitful ſhore,
nd hoary Albula's infected tide
'er the warm bed of ſmoaking ſulphur glide.
Fir'd with a thouſand raptures I ſurvey
idanus through flowery meadows ſtray,
he king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains
he towering Alps of half their moiſture drains,
nd proudly ſwoln with a whole winter's ſnows,
iſtributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, miſguided by the tuneful throng,
ook for ſtreams immortaliz'd in ſong,
hat loſt in ſilence and oblivion lye,
Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
et run for-ever by the muſe's ſkill,
nd in the ſmooth deſcription murmur ſtill.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
nd the fam'd river's empty ſhores admire,
hat deſtitute of ſtrength derives its courſe

D' una gretta urna, e sterile sorgente;
Pur suona ei nelle bocche de poeti,
Sicche 'l miro al Danubio, e al Nil far scorno;
Così musa immortale in alto il leva.
Tal' era il Boin povero, ignobil fiume,
Che nelle Hiberne valli oscuro errava,
E inosservato in suoi giri scherzava;
Quando per vostri versi, e per la spada
Di Nassò, rinomato, l' onde sue
Levate in alto pe'l mondo risuonano,
Ovunque dello Eroe le divin' opre,
E ove andrà fama d'immortal verso.
Oh l' estatico mio petto inspirasse
Musa con un furor simile al vostro!
Infinite bellezze avria 'l mio verso,
Cederia di Virgilio a quel l' Italia.
Mira quali auree selve attorno ridonmi,
Che della tempestosa di Britannia
Isola si ne schivano la costa,
O trapiantate, e con pensier guardate
Maledicon la fredda regione,
E nell' aria del norte illanguidiscono.
Calor de lor il montante umor ne lievita
A nobil gusti, e piu esaltati odori.
Rozze ancor rupi molle mirto menano,
Ricco profumo peste erbette olezzano.
Portimi un dio, di Baia a i gentil seggi,
O ne verdi ritiri d' Umbria traggami,
Ove i ponenti eterna han residenza,
Tutte stagioni lor pompa profondono,

From thrifty urns and an unfruitful ſource;
Yet ſung ſo often in poetic lays,
With ſcorn the Danube and the Nile ſurveys;
So high the deathleſs muſe exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyn, a poor inglorious ſtream,
That in Hibernian vales obſcurely ſtray'd,
And unobſerv'd in wild meanders play'd;
Till by your lines and Naſſau's ſword renown'd,
Its riſing billows through the world reſound,
Where-e'er the hero's god-like acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verſe.

Oh cou'd the muſe my raviſh'd breaſt inſpire
With warmth like yours, and raiſe an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verſe ſhou'd ſhine,
And Virgil's Italy ſhou'd yield to mine!

See how the golden groves around me ſmile,
That ſhun the coaſt of Britain's ſtormy iſle,
Or when tranſplanted and preſerv'd with care,
Curſe the cold clime, and ſtarve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler taſtes, and more exalted ſcents:
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds ſend out a rich perfume.
Bear me ſome god, to Baia's gentle ſeats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where weſtern gales eternally reſide,
And all the ſeaſons laviſh all their pride:

Germogli, e frutti, e fiori insieme allegano,
E in gaia confusion sta l'anno tutto.

Glorie immortali in mia mente rivivono,
Combatton nel cuor mio ben mille affetti,
Allora che di Roma l'esaltate
Bellezze giu giacersi io ne discuopro,
Magnificenti in moli di ruine.
D'anfiteatro una stupenda altezza
Di terror mi riempie, e di diletto,
Che Roma ne suoi pubblici spettacoli
Dispopolava, e nazioni intere
Agiatamente in suo grembo capia.
Passanvi i ciel colonne aspre d'intaglio,
Di trionfo superbi archi là sorgono,
U de prischi Romani l'immortal' opre
Dispiegate alla vista ognor rinfacciano
La vile loro tralignata stirpe.
Quì tutti i fiumi lascian giu lor piani,
Per aerei condotti in alto corrono.

Sempre a novelle scene mia vagante
Musa sì si ritragge, e muta ammira
L'alto spettacol d'animate rupi,
Ove mostrò scalpel tutta sua forza,
Ed in carne addolcì scabroso sasso.
In solenne silenzio, in maestade
Eroi stannosi, e dei, e Romani consoli;
Torvi tiranni in crudeltà famosi,
E imperadori in Pario marmo accigliansi;
Mentre dame brillanti, a cui con umile
Servitù stan sogetti, ognora mostrano

Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise;
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lye.
An amphitheater's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held uncrowded nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies:
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below, [flow.
And wond'ring at their height through airy channels
Still to new scenes my wand'ring muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
Where the smooth chissel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly su'd,

I vezzi, che gli altieri cuor domaro.
Volentieri io vorria di Raffaele
Contar l'arte divina, e far vedere
Gl'immortali lavori nel mio verso,
La've da mista forza d'ombre, e luce
Nuova creazion sorge a mia vista,
Tai celesti figure escon da suo
Pennello, e i mesticati suoi colori
Caldi di vita così ne sfavillano,
Di soggetto in soggetto, d'un segreto
Piacer preso, e infiammato attorno io giro
Tra la soave varietà perduto.
Mio strabilito spirito qua confondono
Arie vezzose in circolanti note
Passeggianti, e in sonori labirinti.
Cupole, e templi s'alzan là in distanti
Vedute, ed in Palagi aperti, ed ampli
A celebrargli invitano la musa.
Come indulgente cielo adornò mai
La fortunata terra, e sovra quella
Versò benedizioni a piena mano!
Ma che vaglion le lor dovizie eterne,
Fioriti monti, e soleggiate rive
Con tutti don, che cielo, e suol compartono,
I risi di natura, e i vezzi d'arte,
Mentre altiera oppression regna in sue valli,
E tirannia suoi pian felici usurpa?
Il povero abitante mira indarno
Il rosseggiante arancio, e 'l pingue grano,
Crescer dolente ei mira ed oli, e vini,

ill ſhow the charms that their proud hearts ſubdu'd.
Fain wou'd I Raphael's godlike art rehearſe,
nd ſhow th' immortal labours in my verſe,
Where from the mingled ſtrength of ſhade and light
new creation riſes to my ſight,
uch heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
warm with life his blended colours glow.
rom theme to theme with ſecret pleaſure toſt,
mid'ſt the ſoft variety I'm loſt:
Here pleaſing airs my raviſht ſoul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of ſound;
Here domes and temples riſe in diſtant views,
nd opening palaces invite my muſe.
How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
nd ſcatter'd bleſſings with a waſteful hand!
ut what avail her unexhauſted ſtores,
Her blooming mountains, and her ſunny ſhores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The ſmiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppreſſion in her vallies reigns,
nd tyranny uſurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The red'ning orange and the ſwelling grain:
oyleſs he ſees the growing oils and wines,

E de mirti odorar, l' ombra si sdegna,
In mezzo alla bontà dela natura
Maledetto languisce, e dentro a cariche
Di vino vigne muore per la sete.

O Libertà, o dea celeste, e bella!
Di ben profusa, e pregna di diletto!
Piaceri eterni te presente regnano,
Guida tuo gaio tren lieta dovizia;
Vien nel suo peso suggezion piu lieve;
Povertà sembra allegra in tua veduta;
Fai di natura il viso oscuro gaio;
Doni al sole bellezza, al giorno gioia.

Te dea, te la Britannia isola adora,
Come ha sovente ella ogni ben suo esausto,
E spesso t'ha di morte in campi cerco!
Niuno pensa il tuo possente pregio
A troppo caro prezzo esser comprato.
Puo sopra esteri monti il sole i grappoli
Per dolce sugo maturare a vino;
Di boschi di cedrati ornare il suolo,
Gonfiar la grassa oliva in flutti d' olio;
Non invidiamo il piu fervente clima
Dell' etere piu dolce in dieci gradi;
Di nostro ciel maledizion non duolmi,
Ne a noi in capo Pleiadi ghiacciate,
Corona libertà la Britan' isola,
E fa sue steril bianche rupi ridere.

Le torreggianti moli altrui dilettino,
E le superbe ambiziose cupole,
Un gentil colpo a una vil tela dare,

d in the myrtles fragrant ſhade repines:
rves, in the midſt of nature's bounty curſt,
d in the loaden vineyard dies for thirſt.
O liberty, thou goddeſs heavenly bright,
fuſe of bliſs, and pregnant with delight!
rnal pleaſures in thy preſence reign,
d ſmiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
'd of her load ſubjection grows more light,
d poverty looks chearful in thy ſight;
ou mak'ſt the gloomy face of nature gay,
'ſt beauty to the ſun, and pleaſure to the day.
Thee, goddeſs, thee, Britannia's iſle adores;
w has ſhe oft exhauſted all her ſtores,
w oft in fields of death thy preſence ſought,
thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
foreign mountains may the ſun refine
grape's ſoft juice, and mellow it to wine,
h citron groves adorn a diſtant ſoil,
the fat olive ſwell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
n degrees of more indulgent ſkies,
at the coarſeneſs of our heaven repine,
' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads ſhine:
liberty that crowns Britannia's iſle, [ſmile.
makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains
thers with towering piles may pleaſe the ſight,
in their proud aſpiring domes delight;
cer touch to the ſtretcht canvaſs give,

Od insegnar sassi animati a vivere.
D' Europa sul destin vegliar Britanni
Ha cura, e bilanciar gli emuli stati;
Di guerra minacciare arditi regi;
Degli afflitti vicini udire i preghi.
Dano, e Sueco attaccati in fiere allarme
Di lor armi pietose benedicono
La prudente condotta, e 'l buon governo.
Tosto che poi le nostre flotte appaiono,
Cessano tutti i lor spaventi, e in pace
Tutto il settentrional mondo si giace.
L' ambizioso Gallo con segreto
Tremito vede all' aspirante sua
Testa mirar di lei il gran tonante,
E volentieri i suoi divini figli
Vorrebbe disuniti per straniero
Oro, o pur per domestica contesa.
Ma acquistare, o dividere in van provasi,
Cui l' arme di Nassò, e'l senno guida.
Del nome acceso, cui sovente ho trovo
Remoti climi, e lingue risonare,
Con pena imbriglio mia lottante musa,
Che ama lanciarsi in piu ardita prova.
Ma io di già hovvi turbato assai
Ne tentar oso un piu sublime canto.
Più dolce thema il basso verso chiedemi,
Fioriti prati, o gorgoglianti rivi,
Mal proprio per gli Eroi: che i carmi eterni
Qual di Virgilio, o vostri onorar debbono.

teach their animated rocks to live:
s Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
l hold in balance each contending ſtate,
threaten bold preſumptuous kings with war,
l anſwer her afflicted neighbours pray'r.
e Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
s the wiſe conduct of her pious arms:
n as her fleets appear, their terrors ceaſe,
l all the northern world lies huſh'd in peace.
Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with ſecret dread
r thunder aim'd at his aſpiring head,
l fain her godlike ſons wou'd diſunite
foreign gold, or by domeſtic ſpite;
ſtrives in vain to conquer or divide,
om Naſſau's arms defend, and counſels guide.
Fir'd with the name, which I ſo oft have found
e diſtant climes and different tongues reſound,
idle in my ſtruggling muſe with pain,
t longs to launch into a bolder ſtrain.
But I've already troubled you too long,
r dare attempt a more advent'rous ſong.
humble verſe demands a ſofter theme,
ainted meadow, or a purling ſtream;
it for heroes; whom immortal lays,
l lines like Virgil's, or like yours, ſhou'd praiſe.

MILTON's STYLE IMITATED

IN A TRANSLATION OF A STORY OUT OF

THE THIRD AENEID.

LOST in the gloomy horror of the night
We ſtuck upon the coaſt where Aetna lies,
Horrid and waſte, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now caſts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vaſt ſhowers of aſhes hov'ring in the ſmoke;
Now belches molten ſtones and ruddy flame
Incenſt, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or ſlings a broken rock aloft in air.
The bottom works with ſmother'd fire, involv'd
In peſtilential vapours, ſtench and ſmoke.
'Tis ſaid, that thunder-ſtruck Enceladus
Groveling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weight
Lyes ſtretcht ſupine, eternal prey of flames;
And when he heaves againſt the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A ſudden earthquake ſhoots through all the iſle,
And Aetna thunders dreadful under ground,
Then pours out ſmoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And ſhades the ſun's bright orb, and blots out day.
Here in the ſhelter of the woods we lodg'd,
And frighted heard ſtrange ſounds and diſmal yells,
Nor ſaw from whence they came; for all the night

'murky ſtorm deep louring o'er our heads
ung imminent, that with impervious gloom
ppos'd itſelf to Cynthia's ſilver ray,
nd ſhaded all beneath. But now the ſun
ith orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
om earth and heav'n; all nature ſtood diſclos'd:
hen looking on the neighb'ring woods we ſaw
he ghaſtly viſage of a man unknown,
uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
fliction's foul and terrible diſmay
e in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
ith marks of famine, ſpeaking ſore diſtreſs;
s locks were tangled, and his ſhaggy beard
tted with filth; in all things elſe a Greek.
He firſt advanc'd in haſte; but when he ſaw
rojans and Trojan arms, in mid career
pt ſhort, he back recoil'd as one ſurpriz'd:
t ſoon recovering ſpeed, he ran, he flew
ecipitant, and thus with piteous cries
r ears aſſail'd: 'by heav'n's eternal fires,
y ev'ry god that ſits enthron'd on high,
y this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
nd bear me hence to any diſtant ſhore,
o I may ſhun this ſavage race accurſt.
Tis true I fought among the Greeks that late
Vith ſword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy,
nd laid the labour of the gods in duſt;
or which, if ſo the ſad offence deſerves,
long'd in the deep, for ever let me lye

'Whelm'd under ſeas; if death muſt be my doom,
'Let man inflict it, and I die well-pleas'd.
He ended here, and now profuſe of tears
In ſuppliant mood fell proſtrate at our feet:
We bade him ſpeak from whence, and what he was,
And how by ſtreſs of fortune ſunk thus low;
Anchiſes too with friendly aſpect mild
Gave him his hand, ſure pledge of amity;
When, thus encouraged, he began his tale.
I'm one, ſays he, of poor deſcent, my name
Is Achaemenides, my country Greece,
Ulyſſes' ſad compeer, who whilſt he fled
The raging Cyclops, left me here behind
Diſconſolate, forlorn; within the cave
He left me, giant Polypheme's dark cave;
A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
On all ſides furr'd with mouldy damps, and hung
With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,
His dire repaſt: himſelf of mighty ſize,
Hoarſe in his voice, and in his viſage grim,
Intractable, that riots on the fleſh
Of mortal men, and ſwills the vital blood.
Him did I ſee ſnatch up with horrid graſp
Two ſprawling Greeks, in either hand a man:
I ſaw him when with huge tempeſtuous ſway
He daſh'd and broke 'em on the grundſil edge;
The pavement ſwam in blood, the walls around
Were ſpatter'd o'er with brains. He lapt the blood,
And chew'd the tender fleſh ſtill warm with life,

That ſwell'd and heav'd itſelf amidſt his teeth
As ſenſible of pain. Not leſs mean-while
Our chief incens'd, and ſtudious of revenge,
Plots his deſtruction, which he thus effects.
The giant, gorg'd with fleſh, and wine, and blood,
Lay ſtretcht at length and ſnoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'er-charged
With purple wine and cruddled gore confuſed.
We gather'd round, and to his ſingle eye,
The ſingle eye that in his forehead glar'd
Like a full moon, or a broad burniſh'd ſhield,
A forky ſtaff we dextrouſly apply'd,
Which in the ſpacious ſocket turning round,
Scoopt out the big round gelly from its orb.
But let me not thus interpoſe delays;
Fly, mortals, fly this curſt deteſted race:
A hundred of the ſame ſtupendous ſize,
A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
Gigantic brotherhood, that ſtalk along
With horrid ſtrides o'er the high mountains tops,
Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard
Their voice and tread, oft ſeen 'em as they paſt,
Sculking and ſcowring down, half dead with fear.
Thrice has the moon waſh'd all her orb in light,
Thrice travell'd o'er, in her obſcure ſojourn,
The realms of night inglorious, ſince I've liv'd
Amidſt theſe woods, gleaning from thorns and ſhrubs
A wretched ſuſtenance. As thus he ſpoke,
We ſaw deſcending from a neighb'ring hill

Blind Polypheme; by weary steps and slow
The groping giant with a trunk of pine
Explor'd his way; around, his wooly flocks
Attended grazing; to the well-known shore
He bent his course, and on the margin stood,
A hideous monster, terrible, deform'd;
Full in the midst of his high front there gap'd
The spacious hollow where his eye-ball roll'd,
A ghastly orifice; he rins'd the wound,
And wash'd away the strings and clotted blood
That cak'd within; then stalking through the deep
He fords the ocean, while the topmast wave
Scarce reaches up his middle side; we stood
Amaz'd be sure, a sudden horror chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry vein,
Till using all the force of winds and oars
We sped away; he heard us in our course,
And with his out-stretch'd arms around him grop'd,
But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
Such hideous shouts, that all the ocean shook.
Ev'n Italy, tho' many a league remote,
In distant echo's answer'd; Aetna roar'd,
Through all its inmost winding caverns roar'd.
Rous'd with the sound, the mighty family
Of one ey'd brothers hasten to the shore,
And gather round the bellowing Polypheme,
A dire assembly: we with eager haste
Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold
A host of giants covering all the shore.
So stands a forest tall of mountain oaks

dvanc'd to mighty growth: the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
midſt the boughs, and at a diſtance ſees
The ſhady tops of trees unnumber'd riſe,
ſtately proſpect, waving in the clouds.

C A

DUKE

Omni
Ordin
Votaq

Esse aliq
labor
Nec
nibus
trajic
periu

THE CAMPAIGN, A POEM,

TO HIS GRACE THE

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

———Rheni pacator et Istri:
Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinibus; laetatur eques, plauditque senator,
Votaque Patricio certant plebeia favori.

Claud. de Laud. Stilic.

Esse aliquam in terris gentem quae suâ impensâ, suo labore ac periculo bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquae vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis praestet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, potentissima sint.

Liv. Hist. lib. 33.

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THE

AMPAIGN,

A

POEM.

VHILE crowds of princes your deſerts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enroll your name;
hile emperors to you commit their cauſe,
d Anna's praiſes crown the vaſt applauſe;
cept, great leader, what the muſe recites,
at in ambitious verſe attempts your fights,
'd and tranſported with a theme ſo new,
n thouſand wonders op'ning to my view,
ne forth at once; ſieges and ſtorms appear,
d wars and conqueſts fill th' important year,
ers of blood I ſee, and hills of ſlain,
Iliad riſing out of one campaign.
The haughty Gaul beheld, with tow'ring pride,
ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry ſide,
ne's lofty barriers were ſubdued,
in the midſt of his wide empire ſtood;
onia's ſtates, the victor to reſtrain,
oſed their Alpes and Appenines in vain,
found themſelves, with ſtrength of rocks immur'd,
ind their everlaſting hills ſecur'd;

The rising Danube its long race began,
And half its course through the new conquests ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her sov'reign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states;
Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;
He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to despair
His hopes on heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.

To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes,
On her resolves the western world relies,
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
To sit the guardian of the continent!
That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
And flourishing so near her prince's eye;
Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes, or follies of a court;
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long-try'd faith, and friendship's holy tyes:
Their sov'reign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share
Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice,
By show'rs of blessings heaven approves their choice
Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud 'em most.

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,

Till the Moſelle, appearing from afar,
etards the progreſs of the moving war.
elightful ſtream, had nature bid her fall
diſtant climes, far from the perjur'd Gaul;
ut now a purchaſe to the ſword ſhe lyes,
er harveſt for uncertain owners riſe,
ach vineyard doubtful of its maſter grows,
nd to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
he diſcontented ſhades of ſlaughter'd hoſts,
hat wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghoſts
ope'd, when they ſaw Britannia's arms appear,
he vengeance due to their great deaths was near.
Our god-like leader, ere the ſtream he paſt,
he mighty ſcheme of all his labors caſt,
orming the wond'rous year within his thought;
is boſom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
he long laborious march he firſt ſurveys,
nd joins the diſtant Danube to the Maeſe,
tween whoſe floods, ſuch pathleſs foreſts grow,
ch mountains riſe, ſo many rivers flow:
he toil looks lovely in the heroe's eyes,
nd danger ſerves but to enhance the prize.
Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
is dreadful courſe, and the proud foe purſues:
fected by the burning Scorpion's heat,
he ſultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
ill on the borders of the Maine he finds
efenſive ſhadows, and refreſhing winds.
r Britiſh youth, with in-born freedom bold,
unumber'd ſcenes of ſervitude behold,

Nations of ſlaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly inſtructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native ſoil.
Still to the riſing ſun they take their way
Through clouds of duſt, and gain upon the day.
When now the Neckar on its friendly coaſt
With cooling ſtreams revives the fainting hoſt,
That chearfully its labours paſt forgets,
The midnight watches, and the noon-day heats.
O'er proſtrate towns and palaces they paſs,
(Now cover'd o'er with weeeds, and hid in graſs)
Breathing revenge; whilſt anger and diſdain
Fire ev'ry breaſt, and boil in ev'ry vein:
Here ſhatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Riſe up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilſt here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
Induſtrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.
At length the fame of England's heroe drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great ſouls by inſtinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendſhip burn;
A ſudden friendſhip, while with ſtretch'd out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Poliſh'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conqueſt, and in council ſkill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting ſpirits, and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the ſoul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reaſon, and by rreſon cool'd,

n hours of peace content to be unknown,
nd only in the field of battle ſhown:
o ſouls like theſe, in mutual friendſhip join'd,
eaven dares entruſt the cauſe of human-kind.
Britannia's graceful ſons appear in arms,
er harras'd troops the hero's preſence warms,
hilſt the high hills and rivers all around
ith thund'ring peals of Britiſh ſhouts reſound:
oubling their ſpeed they march with freſh delight,
ager for glory, and require the fight.
o the ſtanch hound the trembling deer purſues,
nd ſmells his footſteps in the tainted dews,
he tedious track unrav'ling by degrees:
ut when the ſcent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
ir'd at the near approach, he ſhoots away
n his full ſtretch, and bears upon his prey.
The march concludes, the various realms are paſt,
h' immortal SCHELLENBERG appears at laſt:
ike hills th' aſpiring ramparts riſe on high,
ike vallies at their feet the trenches lye;
att'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal paſs,
hreat'ning deſtruction; rows of hollow braſs,
ube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
hilſt in their wombs ten thouſand thunders ſleep:
reat CHURCHILL owns, charm'd with the glorious [ſight,
is march o'er-paid by ſuch a promis'd fight.
The weſtern ſun now ſhot a feeble ray,
nd faintly ſcatter'd the remains of day,
v'ning approach'd; but oh what hoſts of foes
ere never to behold that ev'ning cloſe!

Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The close compacted Britons win their way;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste;
Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke,
Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,
'Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hosts engage;
The battel kindled into tenfold rage
With show'rs of bullets and with storms of fire
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lye.

How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat
Only destructive to the brave and great!)
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Strech'd on Bavarian ramparts breath their last.
But hold, my muse, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
While MARLBRO' lives Britannia's stars dispense
A friendly light, and shine in innocence.
Plunging thro' seas of blood his fiery steed
Where-e'er his friends retire, or foes succeed;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
o brave the thickeſt terrors of the war,
or hazard thus, confus'd in crouds of foes,
ritannia's ſafety, and the world's repoſe;
et nations anxious for thy life abate
his ſcorn of danger, and contempt of fate:
hou liveſt not for thyſelf; thy queen demands
onqueſt and peace from thy victorious hands;
ingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
nd Europe's deſtiny depends on thine.
At length the long diſputed paſs they gain,
y crouded armies fortify'd in vain:
he war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
nd ſee their camp with Britiſh legions fill'd.
o Belgian mounds bear on their ſhatter'd ſides
he ſea's whole weight inccreas'd with ſwelling tides
ut if the ruſhing wave a paſſage finds,
nraged by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,
he trembling peaſant ſees his country round
over'd with tempeſts, and in oceans drown'd.
The few ſurviving foes diſperſt in flight,
Refuſe of ſwords, and gleanings of a fight)
n ev'ry ruſling wind the victor hear,
nd MARLBRÔ's form in ev'ry ſhadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
efriends the rout and covers their diſgrace.
To Donawert, with unreſiſted force,
he gay victorious army bends its courſe.
he growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
hatever ſpoils Bavaria's ſummer yields,

(The Danube's great increaſe) Britannia ſhares,
The food of armies, and ſupport of wars:
With magazines of death, deſtructive balls,
And cannons doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern ſtor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.

Deluded prince! how is thy greatneſs croſt,
And all the gaudy dream of empire loſt,
That proudly ſet thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall ſhortly ſeek for ſhelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there: ſurrounded with alarms,
Thou hope'ſt th' aſſiſtance of the Gallic arms;
The Gallic arms in ſafety ſhall advance,
And crowd thy ſtandards with the power of France,
While to exalt thy doom, th' aſpiring Gaul
Shares thy deſtruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compaſſion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man compleat.
Long did he ſtrive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he ſtrove in vain;
'Till fir'd at length he thinks it vain to ſpare
His riſing wrath, and gives a looſe to war.
In vengeance rous'd the ſoldier fills his hand
With ſword and fire, and ravages the land,
A thouſand villages to aſhes turns,
In crackling flames a thouſand harveſts burns.

o the thick woods the wooly flocks retreat
nd mixt with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat;
heir trembling lords the common ſhade partake,
nd cries of infants ſound in ev'ry brake:
he liſt'ning ſoldier fix'd in ſorrow ſtands,
oth to obey his leader's juſt commands;
he leader grieves, by gen'rous pity ſway'd,
o ſee his juſt commands ſo well obey'd.

But now the trumpet terrible from far
n ſhriller clangors animates the war,
onfed'rate drums in fuller conſort beat,
nd echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
allia's proud ſtandards, to Bavaria's join'd,
nfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
he daring prince his blaſted hopes renews,
nd while the thick embattled hoſt he views
retcht out in deep array, and dreadful length,
is heart dilates, and glories in his ſtrength.

The fatal day its mighty courſe began,
hat the griev'd world had long deſir'd in vain:
ates that their new captivity bemoan'd,
rmies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
ghs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
nd prayers in bitterneſs of ſoul prefer'd,
urope's loud cries, that providence aſſail'd,
nd Anna's ardent vows, at length prevail'd;
he day was come when heav'n deſign'd to ſhow
is care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
he long-extended ſquadrons ſhape their way!

Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the braveſt hearts;
Yet do their beating breaſts demand the ſtrife,
And thirſt of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can Britiſh minds controul:
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of ſoul
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his poſt,
Leſſen his numbers, and contract his hoſt:
Tho' fens and floods poſſeſt the middle ſpace,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to paſs;
Nor fens nor floods can ſtop Britannia's hands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their border ſtands.
But O, my muſe, what numbers wilt thou find
To ſing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drums tumultuous ſound,
The victor's ſhouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burſt of cannon rend the ſkies,
And all the thunder of the battle riſe.
'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty ſoul was prov'd,
That, in the ſhock of charging hoſts unmov'd,
Amidſt confuſion, horror, and deſpair,
Examin'd all the dreadful ſcenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death ſurvey'd,
To fainting ſquadrons ſent the timely aid,
Inſpir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With riſing tempeſts ſhakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia paſt,
Calm and ſerene he drives the furious blaſt;

nd pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
ides in the whirl-wind, and directs the ſtorm.
But ſee the haughty houſhold-troops advance!
he dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
he war's whole art each private ſoldier knows,
nd with a gen'ral's love of conqueſt glows;
roudly he marches on, and void of fear
aughs at the ſhaking of the Britiſh ſpear:
ain inſolence! with native freedom brave
he meaneſt Briton ſcorns the higheſt ſlave;
ontempt and fury fire their ſouls by turns;
ach nation's glory in each warriour burns,
ach fights, as in his arm th' important day
nd all the fate of his great monarch lay:
thouſand glorious actions that might claim
riumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
onfus'd in crouds of glorious actions lye,
nd troops of heroes undiſtinguiſh'd dye.
Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
nd not the wonders of thy youth relate!
ow can I ſee the gay, the brave, the young,
ll in the cloud of war, and lye unſung!
joys of conqueſt he reſigns his breath,
nd, fill'd with England's glory, ſmiles in death.
The rout begins, the Gallic ſquadrons run,
mpell'd in crowds to meet the fate they ſhun;
houſands of fiery ſteeds with wounds transfix'd
oating in gore, with their dead maſters mixt,
idſt heaps of ſpears and ſtandards driv'n around,
e in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd.

Troops of bold youths, born on the diſtant Soane,
Or ſounding borders of the rapid Rhone,
Or where the Seine her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the Loire thro' winding vineyards glides;
In heaps the rolling billows ſweep away,
And into Scythian ſeas their bloated corps convey.
From Blenheim's tow'rs, the Gaul, with wild affright
Beholds the various havock of the fight;
His waving banners, that ſo oft had ſtood
Planted in fields of death, and ſtreams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And riſe triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foes remoteſt lines,
The hardy veteran with tears reſigns.
Unfortunate Tallard! oh who can name
The pangs of rage, of ſorrow, and of ſhame,
That with mixt tumult in thy boſom ſwell'd,
When firſt thou ſaw'ſt thy braveſt troops repell'd,
Thine only ſon pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Choak'd in his blood, and gaſping on the ground,
Thyſelf in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive wept.
An Engliſh muſe is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.
Greatly diſtreſs'd! thy loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor bluſh to own
The fatal field by ſuch great leaders won,
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the ſecond honours of the day.

With floods of gore that from the vanquisht fell
he marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.
ountains of slain lye heap'd upon the ground,
, midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd;
hole captive hosts the conqueror detains
painful bondage, and inglorious chains;
'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
r seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
heir raging king dishonours, to compleat
ARLBRO's great work, and finish the defeat.
From Memminghen's high domes, Augsburg's walls,
he distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls,
ee'd by the terror of the victor's name
he rescu'd states his great protection claim;
hilst Ulme th' approach of her deliverer waits,
d longs to open her obsequious gates.
The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines:
o the foe his dreadful course he bends,
r the wide continent his march extends;
ieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
mps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;
o the fight his active soul is bent,
e fate of Europe turns on its event.
hat distant land, what region can afford
action worthy his victorious sword:
here will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
make the series of his toils compleat?
Where the swoln Rhine rushing with all its force
ides the hostile nations in its course,

While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows
Enlarg'd or ſtraitn'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's ſide a mighty bulwark ſtands,
That all the wide extended plain commands;
Twice, ſince the war was kindled has he try'd
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its ſide;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long ſummer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
And, tho' the dog-ſtar had its courſe begun,
Carries his arms ſtill nearer to the ſun:
Fixt on the glorious action he forgets
The change of ſeaſons, and increaſe of heats:
No toils are painful that can dangers ſhow.
No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.

The roving Gaul, to his own bounds reſtrain'd,
Learns to encamp within his native land,
But ſoon as the victorious hoſt he ſpies,
From hill to hill, from ſtream to ſtream he flies:
Such dire impreſſions in his heart remain
Of MARLBRO's ſword, and Hocſtet's fatal plain:
In vain Britannia's mighty chief beſets
Their ſhady coverts, and obſcure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.

Auſtria's young monarch, whoſe imperial ſway
Sceptres and thrones are deſtin'd to obey,
Whoſe boaſted anceſtry ſo high extends
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,

omes from a-far, in gratitude to own
he great ſupporter of his father's throne:
hat tides of glory to his boſom ran,
aſp'd in th' embraces of the god-like man!
ow were his eyes with pleaſing wonder fixt,
o ſee ſuch fire with ſo much ſweetneſs mixt,
ch eaſie greatneſs, ſuch a graceful port,
turn'd and finiſh'd for the camp or court!
Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
nd Nireus ſhone but in the ſecond place;
hus the great father of almighty Rome
ivinely fluſht with an immortal bloom
hat Cytherea's fragrant breath beſtow'd)
all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.
The royal youth by MARLBRÔ's preſence charm'd,
aught by his counſels, by his actions warm'd,
Landau with redoubled fury falls,
ſcharges all his thunder on its walls,
er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
d learns to conquer in the hero's ſight.
The Britiſh chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
reas'd in titles, and with conqueſt crown'd,
Belgian coaſts his tedious march renews,
d the long windings of the Rhine purſues,
aring its borders from uſurping foes,
d bleſt by reſcu'd nations as he goes.
eves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms;
d Traebach feels the terror of his arms,
ted on rocks her proud foundations ſhake,
ile MARLBRÔ preſſes to the bold attack,

Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
And ſhows how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reſerv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirſt of univerſal ſway,
And ſcarce can teach his ſubjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race deſtroy'd,
The work of ages ſunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions ſacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' effects of ANNA's royal cares:
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges thro' nations, whereſo'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of ſea and wind.
By her th' unfetter'd Iſter's ſtates are free,
And taſte the ſweets of Engliſh liberty;
But who can tell the joys of thoſe that lye
Beneath the conſtant influence of her eye!
Whilſt in diffuſive ſhow'rs her bounties fall
Like heav'n's indulgence, and deſcend on all,
Secure the happy, ſuccour the diſtreſt,
Make ev'ry ſubject glad, and a whole people bleſt.

Thus wou'd I fain Britannia's wars rehearſe,
In the ſmooth records of a faithful verſe;
That if ſuch numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell poſterity the wond'rous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries muſt be taught to ſpeak;
Gods may deſcend in factions from the ſkies,
And rivers from the oozy beds ariſe;

ction may deck the truth with ſpurious rays,
nd round the hero caſt a borrow'd blaze,
ARLBRO's exploits appear divinely bright,
nd proudly ſhine in their own native light;
ais'd of themſelves, their genuine charms they boaſt,
nd thoſe who paint 'em trueſt praiſe 'em moſt.

PROLOGUE

TO THE TENDER HUSBAND.*

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

N the firſt riſe and infancy of farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were ſcarce;
he raw unpractis'd authors could, with eaſe,
young and unexperienc'd audience pleaſe:
o ſingle character had e'er been ſhown,
t the whole herd of fops was all their own;
ich in originals, they ſet to view,
every piece, a coxcomb that was new.
But now our Britiſh theatre can boaſt
oles of all kinds, a vaſt unthinking hoſt!
uitful of folly, and of vice, it ſhows
ckolds, and citts, and bawds, and pimps, and beaux;

* *A comedy written by Sir Richard Steele.*

Rough country knights are found of every ſhire;
Of ev'ry faſhion gentle fops appear;
And punks of different characters we meet,
As frequent on the ſtage as in the pit.
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a fool:
Long e're they find the neceſſary ſpark,
They ſearch the town, and beat about the park;
To all his moſt frequented haunts reſort,
Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court;
As love of pleaſure, or of place invites:
And ſometimes catch him taking ſnuff at White's.
Howe'er, to do you right, the preſent age
Breeds very hopeful monſters for the ſtage;
That ſcorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And wo'n't be blockheads in the common road.
Do but ſurvey this crowded houſe to-night:
——Here's ſtill encouragement for thoſe that write.
Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with variety of fools his play;
And that there may be ſomething gay, and new,
Two ladies errant has expos'd to view:
The firſt a damſel, travell'd in romance;
The t'other more refin'd; ſhe comes from France:
Reſcue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger;
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the ſtranger.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

BRITISH ENCHANTERS.*

WHEN Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleasing woe,
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow,
While list'ning forests cover'd, as he play'd,
The soft musician in a moving shade.
That this night's strains the same success may find,
The force of magic is to music join'd:
Where sounding strings and artful voices fail,
The charming rod and mutter'd spells prevail.
Let sage Urganda wave the circling wand
On barren mountains, or a waste of sand,
The desart smiles; the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.
The same dull sights in the same landscape mixt,
Scenes of still life, and points for ever fix'd,
A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,
And pall the sense with one continu'd show:
But as our two magicians try their skill,
The vision varies, tho' the place stands still,
While the same spot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.

* *A dramatic poem written by the lord Lansdowne.*

Thus (without unity of place transgrest)
Th' enchanter turns the critic to a jest.
But howsoe'er to please your wand'ring eyes,
Bright objects disappear and brighter rise:
There's none can make amends for lost delight,
While from that circle we divert your sight.

HORACE,

ODE III. BOOK III.

Augustus had a design to rebuild Troy, and make it the metropolis of the Roman empire, having closetted several senators on the project: Horace is supposed to have written the following Ode on this occasion.

THE man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.
Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;
Nor the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.

Should the whole frame of nature round him break
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.
Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright Pollux to the blest abodes;
Such did for great Alcides plead,
And gain'd a place among the gods;
Where now Augustus, mix'd with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies:
His rudy lips the purple tincture show,
And with immortal stains divinely glow.
By arts like these did young Lyaeus rise:
His tigers drew him to the skies,
Wild from the desart and unbroke:
In vain they foam'd, in vain they star'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd;
He tam'd 'em to the lash, and bent 'em to the yoke.
Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind snatch'd on high,
He shook off dull mortality,
And lost the monarch in the god.
Bright Juno then her awful silence broke,
And thus th' assembled deities bespoke.
Troy, says the goddess, perjur'd Troy has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;
The towering pile and soft abodes,
Wall'd by the hand of servile gods,
Now spreads its ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground.

An umpire, partial and unjuſt,
And a lewd woman's impious luſt,
Lay heavy on her head, and ſunk her to the duſt.

Since falſe Laomedon's tyrannic ſway,
That durſt defraud th' immortals of their pay,
Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,
Nor wou'd the fierce invading foe repel;
To my reſentments, and Minerva's rage,
The guilty king and the whole people fell.

And now the long protracted wars are o'er,
The ſoft adult'rer ſhines no more;
No more does Hector's force the Trojans ſhield,
That drove whole armies back, and ſingly clear'd the field.

My vengeance ſated, I at length reſign
To Mars his off-ſpring of the Trojan line:
Advanc'd to god-head let him riſe,
And take his ſtation in the ſkies;
There entertain his raviſh'd ſight
With ſcenes of glory, fields of light;
Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
And ſee adoring nations croud his ſhrine:

The thin remains of Troy's afflicted hoſt,
In diſtant realms may ſeats unenvy'd find,
And flouriſh on a foreign coaſt;
But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd,
Remov'd by ſeas, from the diſaſtrous ſhore,
May endleſs billows riſe between, and ſtorms unnumber'd roar.

Still let the curſt deteſted place,
here Priam lies, and Priam's faithleſs race,
cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in graſs.
here let the wanton flocks unguarded ſtray;
r, while the lonely ſhepherd ſings,
midſt the mighty ruins play,
nd friſk upon the tombs of kings.
May tigers there, and all the ſavage kind,
d ſolitary haunts, and ſilent deſarts find;
gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
ay th' unmoleſted lioneſs
er brinded whelps ſecurely lay,
r, coucht, in dreadful ſlumbers waſte the day.
While Troy in heaps of ruins lyes,
ome and the Roman capitol ſhall riſe,
h' illuſtrious exiles unconfin'd
all triumph far and near, and rule mankind.
In vain the ſea's intruding tide
urope from Afric ſhall divide,
nd part the ſever'd world in two:
hrough Afric's ſands their triumphs they ſhall ſpread,
nd the long train of victories purſue
o Nile's yet undiſcover'd head.
Riches the hardy ſoldier ſhall deſpiſe,
nd look on gold with undeſiring eyes,
or the diſbowell'd earth explore
ſearch of the forbidden ore;
hoſe glittering ills conceal'd within the mine,
all lye untouch'd, and innocently ſhine.

To the laſt bounds that nature ſets,
The piercing colds and ſultry heats,
The godlike race ſhall ſpread their arms,
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
'Till ſtorms and tempeſts their purſuits confine;
Now ſweat for conqueſt underneath the line.

This only law the victor ſhall reſtrain,
On theſe conditions ſhall he reign;
If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a ſecond Troy,
If none the raſh deſign purſue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.

A curſe there cleaves to the devoted place,
That ſhall the new foundations raiſe:
Greece ſhall in mutual leagues conſpire
To ſtorm the riſing town with fire,
And at their armies head myſelf will ſhow
What Juno, urged to all her rage, can do.

Thrice ſhould Apollo's ſelf thy city raiſe
And line it round with walls of braſs,
Thrice ſhould my fav'rite Greeks his works confou
And hew the ſhining fabric to the ground;
Thrice ſhould her captive dames to Greece return,
And their dead ſons and ſlaughter'd huſbands mour

But hold, my muſe, forbear thy towering flight,
Nor bring the ſecrets of the gods to light:
In vain would thy preſumptuous verſe
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearſe;
The mighty ſtrains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majeſty, and loſe their ſound.

O V I D's
METAMORPHOSES.
BOOK II.

THE STORY OF PHAETON.

THE ſun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burniſh'd gold and flaming jewels blaze;
he folding gates diffus'd a ſilver light,
nd with a milder gleam refreſh'd the ſight;
f poliſh'd ivory was the cov'ring wrought:
he matter vied not with the ſculptor's thought,
r in the portal was diſplay'd on high
he work of Vulcan) a fictitious ſky;
waving ſea th' inferiour earth embrac'd,
nd gods and goddeſſes the waters grac'd,
geon here a mighty whale beſtrode;
riton, and Proteus, (the deceiving god)
ith Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
me looſely ſwimming in the figur'd main,
hile ſome on rocks their drooping hair divide,
d ſome on fiſhes through the waters glide:
o' various features did the ſiſters grace,
iſter's likeneſs was in ev'ry face.
earth a different landſkip courts the eyes,
n, towns, and beaſts, in diſtant proſpects riſe,
d nymphs, and ſtreams, and woods, and rural deities.

O'er all, the heav'n's refulgent image ſhines;
On either gate were ſix engraven ſigns.
Here Phaeton, ſtill gaining on th' aſcent,
To his ſuſpected father's palace went,
'Till preſſing forward through the bright abode,
He ſaw at diſtance the illuſtrious god:
He ſaw at diſtance, or the dazling light
Had flaſh'd too ſtrongly on his aking ſight.
The god ſits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The Hours, in order rang'd on either hand,
And days, and months, and years, and ages, ſtand,
Here Spring appears with flow'ry chaplets bound;
Here Summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes beſmear;
And hoary Winter ſhivers in the rear.
Phoebus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd on one.
He ſaw the boy's couſuſion in his face,
Surpriz'd at all the wonders of the place;
And cries aloud, 'what wants my ſon? for know
'My ſon thou art, and I muſt call thee ſo.
'Light of the world, the trembling youth replies
'Illuſtrious parent! ſince you don't deſpiſe
'The parent's name, ſome certain token give,
'That I may Clymene's proud boaſt believe,
'Nor longer under falſe reproaches grieve.
The tender ſire was touch'd with what he ſaid,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,

nd bid the youth advance: ' my ſon, ſaid he,
Come to thy father's arms! for Clymenè
Has told thee true; a parent's name I own,
And deem thee worthy to be call'd my ſon.
As a ſure proof, make ſome requeſt, and I,
Whate'er it be, with that requeſt comply;
By Styx I ſwear, whoſe waves are hid in night,
And roul impervious to my piercing ſight,
The youth tranſported, aſks without delay,
o guide the ſun's bright chariot for a day.
The god repented of the oath he took,
or anguiſh thrice his radiant head he ſhook:
My ſon, ſays he, ſome other proof require;
Raſh was my promiſe, raſh is thy deſire,
I'd fain deny this wiſh which thou haſt made,
Or, what I can't deny, wou'd fain diſſwade.
Too vaſt and hazardous the taſk appears,
Nor ſuited to thy ſtrength, nor to thy years.
Thy lot is mortal, but thy wiſhes fly
Beyond the province of mortality:
There is not one of all the gods that dares
(However ſkill'd in other great affairs)
To mount the burning axle-tree, but I;
Not Jove himſelf, the ruler of the ſky,
That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
Dares try his ſtrength; yet who ſo ſtrong as Jove?
The ſteeds climb up the firſt aſcent with pain:
Aud when the middle firmament they gain,
If downward from the heav'ns my head I bow,
And ſee the earth and ocean hang below,

‘ Ev'n I am ſeiz'd with horror and affright,
‘ And my own heart miſgives me at the ſight.
‘ A mighty downfal ſteeps the ev'ning ſtage,
‘ And ſteddy reins muſt curb the horſes rage.
‘ Tethys herſelf has fear'd to ſee me driv'n
‘ Down head long from the precipice of heav'n.
‘ Beſides, conſider what impetuous force
‘ Turns ſtars and planets in a different courſe:
‘ I ſteer againſt their motions; nor am I
‘ Born back by all the current of the ſky.
‘ But how could you reſiſt the orbs that roul
‘ In adverſe whirls, and ſtem the rapid pole?
‘ But you perhaps may hope for pleaſing woods,
‘ And ſtately domes, and cities fill'd with gods;
‘ While through a thouſand ſnares your progreſs lie
‘ Where forms of ſtarry monſters ſtock the ſkies:
‘ For, ſhould you hit the doubtful way aright,
‘ The Bull with ſtooping horns ſtands oppoſite;
‘ Next him the bright Haemonian Bow is ſtrung;
‘ And next, the Lion's grinning viſage hung:
‘ The Scorpion's claws here claſp a wide extent,
‘ And here the Crabs in leſſer claſps are bent.
‘ Nor would you find it eaſie to compoſe
‘ The mettled ſteeds, when from their noſtrils flow
‘ The ſcorching fire, that in their entrails glows.
‘ Ev'n I their head-ſtrong fury ſcarce reſtrain,
‘ When they grow warm and reſtiff to the rein.
‘ Let not my ſon a fatal gift require,
‘ But, oh! in time, recal your raſh deſire;

You aſk a gift that may your parent tell,
Let theſe my fears your parantage reveal;
And learn a father from a father's care:
Look on my face; or if my heart lay bare,
Cou'd you but look, you'd read the father there.
Chuſe out a gift from ſeas, or earth, or ſkies,
For open to your wiſh all nature lies,
Only decline this one unequal taſk,
For 'tis a miſchief, not a gift, you aſk;
You aſk a real miſchief, Phaeton:
Nay hang not thus about my neck, my ſon:
I grant your wiſh, and Styx has heard my voice,
Chuſe what you will, but make a wiſer choice.
Thus did the god th' unwary youth adviſe;
ut he ſtill longs to travel through the ſkies.
hen the fond father (for in vain he pleads)
t length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.
golden axle did the work uphold,
old was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold.
he ſpokes in rows of ſilver pleas'd the ſight,
he ſeat with parti-colour'd gems was bright,
ollo ſhin'd amid the glare of light.
he youth with ſecret joy the work ſurveys:
hen now the morn diſclos'd her purple rays;
he ſtars were fled; for Lucifer had chas'd
he ſtars away, and fled himſelf at laſt.
on as the father ſaw the roſy morn,
d the moon ſhining with a blunter horn,
bid the nimble Hours without delay
ing forth the ſteeds, the nimble hours obey:

From their full racks the gen'rous ſteeds retire,
Dropping ambroſial foams, and ſnorting fire.
Still anxious for his ſon, the god of day,
To make him proof againſt the burning ray,
His temples with celeſtial ointment wet,
Of ſov'raign virtue to repel the heat;
Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep foreboding ſigh, and ſaid,
' Take this at leaſt, this laſt advice, my ſon:
' Keep a ſtiff rein, and move but gently on:
' The courſers of themſelves will run too faſt,
' Your art muſt be to moderate their haſte.
' Drive 'em not on directly through the ſkies,
' But where the Zodiac's winding circle lies,
' Along the midmoſt zone; but ſally forth
' Nor to the diſtant ſouth, nor ſtormy north.
' The horſes hoofs a beaten track will ſhow,
' But neither mount too high, nor ſink too low,
' That no new fires or heav'n or earth infeſt;
' Keep the mid-way, the middle way is beſt.
' Nor, where in radiant folds the Serpent twines,
' Direct your courſe, nor where the Altar ſhines.
' Shun both extremes; the reſt let fortune guide,
' And better for thee than thyſelf provide!
' See, while I ſpeak, the ſhades diſperſe away,
' Aurora gives the promiſe of a day;
' I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer ſtay.
' Snatch up the reins; or ſtill the attempt forſake,
' And not my chariot, but my counſel take,

While yet ſecurely on the earth you ſtand;
Nor touch the horſes with too raſh a hand.
Let me alone to light the world, while you
Enjoy thoſe beams which you may ſafely view.
He ſpoke in vain; the youth with active heat,
And ſprightly vigour vaults into the ſeat;
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Thoſe thanks his father with remorſe receives.
Mean while the reſtleſs horſes neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they ſtood,
Tethys, not knowing what had paſt, gave way,
And all the waſte of heav'n before 'em lay.
They ſpring together out, and ſwiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
With winged ſpeed outſtrip the eaſtern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
The youth was light, nor could he fill the ſeat,
Or poiſe the chariot with its wonted weight:
But as at ſea th' unballaſs'd veſſel rides,
Caſt to and fro, the ſport of winds and tides;
So in the bounding chariot toſt on high,
The youth is hurry'd headlong thro' the ſky.
Soon as the ſteeds perceive it, they forſake
Their ſtated courſe, and leave the beaten track.
The youth was in a maze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor wou'd the horſes, had he known, obey,
Then the ſev'n ſtars firſt felt Apollo's ray,
And wiſh'd to dip in the forbidden ſea.

The folded Serpent next the frozen pole,
Stiff and benum'd before, began to roll,
And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
And ſhot a redder light from ev'ry ſtar;
Nay, and 'tis ſaid, Boötes too, that fain
Thou would'ſt have fled, tho' cumber'd with thy wain.

Th' unhappy youth then, bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him ſpread:
His colour chang'd, he ſtartled at the ſight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
Now could he wiſh the fiery ſteeds untry'd,
His birth obſcure, and his requeſt deny'd:
Now would he Merops for his father own,
And quit his boaſted kindred to the ſun.

So fares the pilot, when his ſhip is toſt
In troubled ſeas, and all its ſteerage loſt,
He gives her to the winds, and in deſpair
Seeks his laſt refuge in the gods and prayer.

What could he do? his eyes, if backward caſt,
Find a long path he had already paſt;
If forward, ſtill a longer path they find:
Both he compares, and meaſures in his mind;
And ſometimes caſts an eye upon the eaſt,
And ſometimes looks on the forbidden weſt.
The horſes names he knew not in the fright:
Nor wou'd he looſe the reins, nor cou'd he hold 'em tight.

Now all the horrors of the heavens he ſpies,
And monſtrous ſhadows of prodigious ſize,
That, deck'd with ſtars, lie ſcatter'd o'er the ſkies.

There is a place above, where Scorpio bent
In tail and arms ſurrounds a vaſt extent;
In a wide circuit of the heavens he ſhines,
And fills the ſpace of two celeſtial ſigns.
Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandiſh his ſting, and in his poiſon ſweat,
Half dead with ſudden fear he dropt the reins;
The horſes felt 'em looſe upon their mains,
And, flying out thro' all the plains above,
Ran uncontroul'd where'er their fury drove;
Ruſh'd on the ſtars, and through a pathleſs way
Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day.
And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew.
The clouds diſperſe in fumes, the wond'ring moon
Beholds her brother's ſteeds beneath her own;
The highlands ſmoak, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fewel blaze.
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harveſt grow,
The running conflagration ſpreads below.
But theſe are trivial ills: whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into aſhes turn.
The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear;
Deagrian Haemus (then a ſingle name)
And virgin Helicon increaſe the flame;
Taurus and Oete glare amid the ſky,
And Ida, ſpight of all her fountains, dry.
Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithaeron, glow;
And Rhodopé, no longer cloath'd in ſnow;

High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnaſſus, ſweat,
And Aetna rages with redoubled heat.
Even Scythia, through her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native froſt was arm'd.
Cover'd with flames, the tow'ring Appennine,
And Caucaſus, and proud Olympus, ſhine;
And, where the long-extended Alpes aſpire,
Now ſtands a huge continu'd range of fire.

Th' aſtoniſht youth, where-e'er his eyes cou'd turn
Beheld the univerſe around him burn:
The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The ſultry vapours and the ſcorching air,
Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd:
Loſt in the whirling clouds, that round him broke,
And white with aſhes, hov'ring in the ſmoke,
He flew where-e'er the horſes drove, nor knew
Whither the horſes drove, or where he flew.

It was then, they ſay, the ſwarthy moor begun
To change his hue, and blacken in the ſun.
Then Libya firſt, of all her moiſture drain'd,
Became a barren waſte, a wild of ſand.
The water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
Boeotia, robb'd of ſilver Dirce, mourns,
Corinth Pyrene's waſted ſpring bewails,
And Argos grieves whilſt Amymoné fails.

The floods are drain'd from every diſtant coaſt,
Even Tanaïs, tho' fix'd in ice was loſt.
Enrag'd Caïcus and Lycormas roar,
And Xanthus fated to be burn'd once more.

he fam'd Maeander, that unweary'd ſtrays
hrough mazy windings, ſmokes in every maze.
rom his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;
he big-ſwoln Ganges and the Danube riſe
thick'ning fumes, and darken half the ſkies.
flames Iſmenos and the Phaſis roul'd,
nd Tagus floating in his melted gold.
he ſwans, that on Cayſter often try'd
heir tuneful ſongs, now ſung their laſt, and dy'd.
he frighted Nile ran off, and under ground
onceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:
is ſeven divided currents all are dry,
nd where they roul'd, ſeven gaping trenches lye.
o more the Rhine or Rhone their courſe maintain,
or Tiber, of his promis'd empire vain.
The ground, deep-cleft, admits the dazling ray,
nd ſtartles Pluto with the flaſh of day.
he ſeas ſhrink in, and to the ſight diſcloſe
ide naked plains, where once their billows roſe;
heir rocks are all diſcover'd, and increaſe
he number of the ſcatter'd Cyclades.
he fiſh in ſholes about the bottom creep,
or longer dares the crooked dolphin leap:
aſping for breath, th' unſhapen Phocae die,
nd on the boiling wave extended lye.
reus, and Doris with her virgin train,
k out the laſt receſſes of the main;
neath unfathomable depths they faint,
d ſecret in their gloomy caverns pant.

Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.
The earth at length, on every ſide embrac'd
With ſcalding ſeas, that floated round her waiſt,
When now ſhe felt the ſprings and rivers come,
And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
Up-lifted to the heavens her blaſted head,
And clapt her hand upon her brows, and ſaid;
(But firſt, impatient of the ſultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and ſought a cooler ſeat)
' If you, great king of gods, my death approve,
' And I deſerve it, let me die by Jove;
' If I muſt periſh by the force of fire,
' Let me transfix'd with thunder bolts expire.
' See, whilſt I ſpeak, my breath the vapours choke,
(For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of ſmoke)
' See my ſinge'd hair, behold my faded eye,
' And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lye!
' And does the plow for this my body tear?
' This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
' Tortur'd with rakes, and haraſs'd all the year?
' That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
' And food for man, and frankincenſe for you?
' But grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?
' Why are his waters boiling in the ſun?
' The wavy empire, which by lot was giv'n,
' Why does it waſte, and further ſhrink from heave
' If I nor he your pity can provoke,
' See your own heavens, the heavens begin to ſmok

hou'd once the ſparkles catch thoſe bright abodes,
Deſtruction ſeizes on the heavens and gods;
Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
And almoſt faints beneath the glowing weight.
f heaven, and earth, and ſea, together burn,
All muſt again into their chaos turn.
pply ſome ſpeedy cure, prevent our fate,
And ſuccour nature e're it be too late.'
e ceas'd; for choak'd with vapours round her ſpread,
wn to the deepeſt ſhades ſhe ſunk her head.
Jove call'd to witneſs every power above,
d even the god, whoſe ſon the chariot drove,
at what he acts he is compell'd to do,
univerſal ruin muſt enſue.
aight he aſcends the high aethereal throne,
m whence he us'd to dart his thunder down,
m whence his ſhowers and ſtorms he us'd to pour,
now could meet with neither ſtorm nor ſhower.
en, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
l at his head he hurl'd the forky brand,
dreadful thund'rings. Thus th' almighty Sire
preſs'd the raging of the fires with fire.
At once from life, and from the chariot driven,
'ambitious boy fell thunder-ſtruck from heaven.
e horſes ſtarted with a ſudden bound,
flung the reins and chariot to the ground:
e ſtudded harneſs from their necks they broke;
e fell a wheel, and here a ſilver ſpoke,
e were the beam and axle torn away;
, ſcatter'd o'er the earth, the ſhining fragments lay.

The breathless Phaeton, with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot, like a falling star,
That in a summer's evening from the top
Of heaven drops down, or seems at least to drop;
'Till on the Po his blasted corps was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the western world.

PHAETON's *sisters transform'd into trees.*

The Latian nymphs came round him, and amaz'd
On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd;
And, whilst yet smoaking from the bolt he lay,
His shatter'd body to a tomb convey,
And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise:
'Here he who drove the sun's bright chariot lies;
'His father's fiery steeds he could not guide,
'But in the glorous enterprize he dy'd.

Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief,
And, if the story may deserve belief,
The space of one whole day is said to run,
From morn to wonted even, without a sun;
The burning ruines, with a fainter ray,
Supply the sun, and counterfeit a day,
A day, that still did nature's face disclose:
This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.

But Clymenè, enrag'd with grief laments,
And as her grief inspires, her passion vents:
Wild for her son, and frantic in her woes,
With hair dishevel'd round the world she goes,
To seek where-e'er his body might be cast;
'Till, on the borders of the Po, at last

he name inſcrib'd on the new tomb appears,
he dear dear name ſhe bathes in flowing tears;
angs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
nd hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.
Her daughters too lament, and ſigh, and mourn,
A fruitleſs tribute to their brother's urn)
nd beat their naked boſoms, and complain,
nd call aloud for Phaeton in vain:
ll the long night their mournful watch they keep,
nd all the day ſtand round the tomb, and weep.
Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd;
o long the mother, and the daughters mourn'd:
hen now the eldeſt, Phaetuſa, ſtrove
o reſt her weary limbs, but could not move;
ampetia would have help'd her, but ſhe found
erſelf with-held, and rooted to the ground:
third in wild affliction, as ſhe grieves,
ould rend her hair, but fills her hand with leaves;
ne ſees her thighs transform'd, another views
er arms ſhot out, and branching into boughs.
nd now their legs, and breaſts, and bodies ſtood
ruſted with bark, and hard'ning into wood;
ut ſtill above were female heads diſplay'd,
nd mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid.
hat could, alas! the weeping mother do?
rom this to that with eager haſte ſhe flew,
nd kiſs'd her ſprouting daughters as they grew.
e tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
nd from their verdant fingers ſtrips the leaves:

The blood came trickling, where ſhe tore away
The leaves and bark: the maids were heard to ſay,
'Forbear, miſtaken parent, oh! forbear;
'A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;
'Farwel for ever.' Here the bark encreas'd,
Clos'd on their faces, and their words ſuppreſs'd.
To new-made trees in tears of amber run,
Which, harden'd into value by the ſun,
Diſtil for ever on the ſtreams below:
The limpid ſtreams their radiant treaſures ſhow,
Mixt in the ſand; whence the rich drops convey'd
Shine in the dreſs of the bright Latian maid.

The transformation of CYCNUS *into a ſwan.*

Cycnus beheld the nymphs transform'd, ally'd
To their dead brother, on the mortal ſide,
In friendſhip and affection nearer bound;
He left the cities and the realms he own'd,
Thro' pathleſs fields and lonely ſhores to range,
And woods, made thicker by the ſiſters change.
Whilſt here, within the diſmal gloom, alone,
The melancholy monarch made his moan,
His voice was leſſen'd, as he try'd to ſpeak,
And iſſu'd through a long extended neck;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In ſkinny films, and ſhape his oary feet;
From both his ſides the wings and feathers break;
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak:
All Cycnus now into a ſwan was turn'd,
Who, ſtill remembring how his kinſman burn'd,

To ſolitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.
Mean while Apollo in a gloomy ſhade
(The native luſtre of his brows decay'd)
Indulging ſorrow, ſickens at the ſight
Of his own ſun-ſhine, and abhors the light:
The hidden griefs, that in his boſom riſe,
Sadden his looks, and over-caſt his eyes,
As when ſome duſky orb obſtructs his ray,
And ſullies, in a dim eclipſe, the day.
Now ſecretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
Now warm reſentments to his grief he join'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind.
E'er ſince the birth of time, ſaid he, I've born
A long ungrateful toil without return;
Let now ſome other manage, if he dare,
The fiery ſteeds, and mount the burning carr;
Or, if none elſe, let Jove his fortune try,
And learn to lay his murd'ring thunder by;
Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
My ſon deſerv'd not ſo ſevere a fate.
The gods ſtand round him, as he mourns, and pray
He would reſume the conduct of the day,
Or let the world be loſt in endleſs night:
Move to himſelf, deſcending from his height,
Excuſes what had happen'd, and intreats,
Majeſtically mixing prayers and threats.
Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harneſs'd ſteeds, that ſtill with horror ſhook,

And plies 'em with the lash, and whips 'em on,
And, as he whips, upbraids 'em with his son.

The story of CALLISTO.

The day was settled in its course; and Jove
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heavens above,
To search if any cracks or flaws were made;
But all was safe: the earth he then survey'd,
And cast an eye on every different coast,
And every land; but on Arcadia most.
Her fields he cloath'd and chear'd her blasted face
With running fountains, and with springing grass.
No tracks of heaven's destructive fire remain,
The fields and woods revive, and nature smiles again.
But as the god walk'd to and fro the earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring its birth,
By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The nymph nor spun, nor dress'd with artful pride;
Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd;
Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore;
To chaste Diana from her youth inclin'd
The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd.
Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er Maenalus, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once; but favour lasts not long.
The sun now shone in all its strength and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove;

he grove around a grateful ſhadow caſt:
he dropt her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd;
he flung herſelf on the cool graſſy bed;
nd on the painted quiver rais'd her head.
ove ſaw the charming huntreſs unprepar'd,
rech'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.
Here I am ſafe, he cries, from Juno's eye;
Or ſhould my jealous queen the theft deſcry,
Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
And ſtand her rage for ſuch, for ſuch a bliſs!'
iana's ſhape and habit ſtraight he took,
ften'd his brows, and ſmooth'd his awful look,
nd mildly in a female accent ſpoke.
How fares my girl? how went the morning chaſe?'
o whom the virgin, ſtarting from the graſs,
All-hail, bright deity, whom I prefer
To Jove himſelf, tho' Jove himſelf were here.'
he god was nearer than ſhe thought, and heard
ell pleas'd himſelf before himſelf preferr'd.
He then ſalutes her with a warm embrace;
nd, e're ſhe half had told the morning chaſe,
ith love enflam'd, and eager on his bliſs,
nother'd her words, and ſtop'd her with a kiſs,
s kiſſes with unwonted ardour glow'd,
r could Diana's ſhape conceal the god.
e virgin did whate'er a virgin cou'd;
re Juno muſt have pardon'd, had ſhe view'd)
ith all her might againſt his force ſhe ſtrove;
t how can mortal maids contend with Jove!

Poſſeſt at length of what his heart deſir'd,
Back to his heavens th' exulting god retir'd.
The lovely huntreſs, riſing from the graſs,
With down-caſt eyes, and with a bluſhing face;
By ſhame confounded, and by fear diſmay'd,
Flew from the covert of the guilty ſhade,
And almoſt, in the tumult of her mind,
Left her forgotten bow and ſhafts behind.

But now Diana, with a ſprightly train
Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
Call'd to the nymph; the nymph began to fear
A ſecond fraud, a Jove diſguis'd in her;
But, when ſhe ſaw the ſiſter nymphs, ſuppreſs'd
Her riſing fears, and mingled with the reſt.

How in the look does conſcious guilt appear!
Slowly ſhe mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear;
Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddeſs ran,
As onee ſhe us'd, the foremoſt of the train.
Her looks were fluſh'd, and ſullen was her mien,
That ſure the virgin goddeſs (had ſhe been
Aught but a virgin) muſt the guilt have ſeen.
'Tis ſaid the nymphs ſaw all, and gueſs'd aright:
And now the moon had nine times loſt her light,
When Dian, fainting in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert, and refreſhing ſtreams,
That in ſoft murmurs through the foreſt flow'd,
And a ſmooth bed of ſhining gravel ſhow'd.

A covert ſo obſcure, and ſtreams ſo clear,
The goddeſs prais'd: 'and now no ſpies are near,

'Let's ſtrip, my gentle maids, and waſh, ſhe cries,'
Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies;
Only the bluſhing huntreſs ſtood confus'd,
And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd;
In vain excus'd: her fellows round her preſs'd,
And the reluctant nymph by force undreſs'd.
The naked huntreſs all her ſhame reveal'd,
In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd;
'Begone! the goddeſs cries with ſtern diſdain,
'Begone! nor dare the hallow'd ſtream to ſtain:'
She fled, for ever baniſh'd from the train.

This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
To puniſh the deteſted rival's crime;
The time was come: for, to enrage her more,
A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.
The goddeſs caſt a furious look, and cry'd,
'It is enough! I'm fully ſatisfy'd!
'This boy ſhall ſtand a living mark, to prove
'My huſband's baſeneſs, and the ſtrumpet's love:
'But vengeance ſhall awake: thoſe guilty charms,
'That drew the Thunderer from Juno's arms,
'No longer ſhall their wonted force retain,
'Nor pleaſe the god, nor make the mortal vain.
This ſaid, her hand within her hair ſhe wound,
Flung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the ground:
The proſtrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer;
Her arms grow ſhaggy, and deform'd with hair,
Her nails are ſharpen'd into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;

Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
To grow diſtorted in an ugly grin.
And, leſt the ſupplicating brute might reach
The ears of Jove, ſhe was depriv'd of ſpeech:
Her ſurly voice thro' a hoarſe paſſage came
In ſavage ſounds: her mind was ſtill the ſame.
The fury monſter fix'd her eyes above,
And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to Jove,
And beg'd his aid with inward groans; and tho'
She could not call him falſe, ſhe thought him ſo.

How did ſhe fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own!
How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs purſue,
Whilſt from her hounds the frighted huntreſs flew!
How did ſhe fear her fellow-brutes, and ſhun
The ſhaggy bear, tho' now herſelf was one!
How from the ſight of rugged wolves retire,
Although the grim Lycaon was her ſire!

But now her ſon had fifteen ſummers told,
Fierce at the chaſe, and in the foreſt bold;
When, as he beat the woods in queſt of prey,
He chanc'd to rouſe his mother where ſhe lay,
She knew her ſon and kept him in her ſight,
And fondly gaz'd: the boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breaſt,
And would have ſlain his mother in the beaſt;
But Jove forbad, and ſnatch'd 'em through the air
In whirlwinds up to heaven, and fix'd 'em there
Where the new conſtellations nightly riſe,
And add a luſtre to the northern ſkies.

When Juno ſaw the rival in her height,
angled with ſtars, and circled round with light,
he ſought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
nd Tethys; both rever'd among the gods.
hey aſk what brings her there: 'Ne'er aſk, ſays ſhe,
What brings me here, heaven is no place for me.
You'll ſee, when night has cover'd all things o'er,
Jove's ſtarry baſtard and triumphant whore
Uſurp the heavens; you'll ſee 'em proudly roul
In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
And who ſhall now on Juno's altars wait,
When thoſe ſhe hates grow greater by her hate?
I on the nymph a brutal form impreſs'd,
Jove to a goddeſs has transform'd the beaſt;
This, this was all my weak revenge could do:
But let the god his chaſte amours purſue,
And, as he acted after Io's rape,
Reſtore th' adultreſs to her former ſhape;
Then may he caſt his Juno off, and lead
The great Lycaon's off-ſpring to his bed.
But you, ye venerable powers be kind,
And, if my wrongs a due reſentment find,
Receive not in your waves their ſetting beams,
Nor let the glaring ſtrumpet taint your ſtreams.
The goddeſs ended, and her wiſh was giv'n;
ack ſhe return'd in triumph up to heaven;
er gaudy peacocks drew her through the ſkies,
heir tails were ſpotted with a thouſand eyes;
he eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,
t the ſame time the raven's colour chang'd.

The story of CORONIS, *and birth of* AESCULAPIUS.

The raven once in snowy plumes was drest,
White as the whitest dove's unsully'd breast,
Fair as the guardian of the capitol,
Soft as the swan; a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue had chang'd him quite
To sooty blackness from the purest white.
The story of his change shall here be told,
In Thessaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerless maid she shin'd,
Confest the fairest of the fairer kind.
Apollo lov'd her, till her guilt he knew,
While true she was, or whilst he thought her true.
But his own bird the raven chanc'd to find
The false one with a secret rival join'd.
Coronis begg'd him to suppress the tale,
But could not with repeated prayer's prevail.
His milk white pinions to the god he ply'd:
The busy daw flew with him, side by side,
And by a thousand teizing questions drew
Th' important secret from him as they flew.
The daw gave honest counsel, tho' despis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd.
'Stay, silly bird, th' ill-natur'd task refuse,
'Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
'Be warn'd by my example: you discern
'What now I am, and what I was shall learn.
'My foolish honesty was all my crime;
'Then hear my story. Once upon a time,

The two-shap'd Ericthonius had his birth
(Without a mother) from the teeming earth;
Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid
Within a chest, of twining osiers made.
The daughters of king Cecrops undertook
To guard the chest, commanded not to look
On what was hid within. I stood to see
The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighb'ring tree.
The sisters Pandrosos and Hersè keep
The strict command; Aglauros needs would peep,
And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
And call'd her sisters to the hideous sight;
A boy's soft shape did to the waste prevail,
But the boy ended in a dragon's tail.
I told the stern Minerva all that pass'd,
But for my pains discarded and disgrac'd,
The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
And for her favourite chose the bird of night.
Be then no tell-tale; for I think my wrong
Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
As never by the heavenly maid belov'd:
But I was lov'd; ask Pallas if I lye;
Tho' Pallas hate me now, she won't deny:
For I whom in a feather'd shape ye view,
Was once a maid (by heaven the story's true)
A blooming maid, and a king's daughter too.
A crowd of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
My beauty was the cause of all my harms;

' Neptune, as on his ſhores I went to rove,
' Obſerv'd me in my walks, and fell in love.
' He made his courtſhip, he confeſs'd his pain,
' And offer'd force when all his arts were vain;
' Swift he purſu'd: I ran along the ſtrand,
' 'Till, ſpent and weary'd on the ſinking ſand,
' I ſhriek'd aloud, with cries I fill'd the air
' To gods and men; nor god, no man was there:
' A virgin goddeſs heard a virgin's prayer.
' For, as my arms I lifted to the ſkies,
' I ſaw black feathers from my fingers riſe;
' I ſtrove to fling my garment on the ground;
' My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me round:
' My hands to beat my naked boſom try;
' Nor naked boſom now, nor hands had I.
' Lightly I tript, nor weary as before
' Sunk in the ſand, but ſkim'd along the ſhore;
' 'Till, riſing on my wings, I was prefer'd
' To be the chaſte Minerva's virgin bird:
' Prefer'd in vain! I now am in diſgrace:
' Nyctimene the owl enjoys my place.
' On her inceſtuous life I need not dwell,
' (In Leſbos ſtill the horrid tale they tell,)
' And of her dire amours you muſt have heard,
' For which ſhe now does penance in a bird,
' That, conſcious of her ſhame, avoids the light,
' And loves the gloomy covering of the night;
' The birds, where'er ſhe flutters, ſcare away
' The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day.

The raven, urg'd by ſuch impertinence,
Grew paſſionate, it ſeems, and took offence,
And curſt the harmleſs daw; the daw withdrew:
The raven to her injur'd patron flew,
And found him out, and told the fatal truth
Of falſe Coronis and the favour'd youth.
The god was wroth; the colour left his look,
The wreath his head, the harp his hand forſook:
His ſilver bow and feather'd ſhafts he took,
And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breaſt,
That had ſo often to his own been preſt,
Down fell the wounded nymph, and ſadly groan'd,
And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound;
And welt'ring in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,
Ah cruel god! tho' I have juſtly dy'd,
What has, alas, my unborn infant done,
That he ſhould fall, and two expire in one?
This ſaid, in agonies ſhe fetch'd her breath.
The god diſſolves in pity at her death;
He hates the bird that made her falſhood known,
And hates himſelf for what himſelf had done;
The feather'd ſhaft, that ſent her to the fates,
And his own hand, that ſent the ſhaft, he hates.
Fain would he heal the wound, and eaſe her pain,
And tries the compaſs of his art in vain.
Soon as he ſaw the lovely nymph expire,
The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
With ſighs and groans her obſequies he kept,
And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.

Her corpſe he kiſs'd, and heav'nly incenſe brought,
And ſolemniz'd the death himſelf had wrought.
But, leſt his off-ſpring ſhould her fate partake,
Spight of th' immortal mixture in his make,
He ript her womb, and ſet the child at large,
And gave him to the centaur Chiron's charge:
Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er,
And bid him prat in his white plumes no more.

OCYRRHOE *transform'd to a Mare.*

Old Chiron took the babe with ſecret joy,
Proud of the charge of the coeleſtial boy.
His daughter too, whom on the ſandy ſhore
The nymph Chariclo to the centaur bore,
With hair diſhevel'd on her ſhoulders came
To ſee the child, Ocyrröe was her name;
She knew he father's arts, and could rehearſe
The depths of prophecy in ſounding verſe.
Once, as the ſacred infant ſhe ſurvey'd,
The god was kindled in the raving maid,
And thus ſhe utter'd her prophetic tale;
' Hail, great phyſician of the world, all hail;
' Hail, mighty infant, who in years to come
' Shalt heal the nations, and defraud the tomb;
' Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
' Make kingdoms thicker, and increaſe mankind.
' Thy daring art ſhall animate the dead,
' And draw the thunder on the guilty head:
' Then ſhalt thou die; but from the dark abode
' Riſe up victorious, and be twice a god.

' And thou, my ſire, not deſtin'd by thy birth
' To turn to duſt, and mix with common earth,
' How wilt thou toſs, and rave, and long to die,
' And quit thy claim to immortality;
' When thou ſhalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,
' The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins?
' The gods, in pity, ſhall contract thy date,
' And give thee over to the power of fate.
Thus, entring into deſtiny, the maid
The ſecrets of offended Jove betray'd:
More had ſhe ſtill to ſay; but now appears
Oppreſs'd with ſobs and ſighs, and drown'd in tears.
My voice, ſays ſhe, is gone, my language fails;
Through every limb my kindred ſhape prevails:
Why did the god this fatal gift impart,
And with prophetic raptures ſwell my heart!
What new deſires are theſe? I long to pace
O'er flowery meadows, and to feed on graſs;
I haſten to a brute, a maid no more;
But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
My ſire does half a human ſhape retain,
And in his upper parts preſerves the man.
Her tongue no more diſtinct complaints affords,
ut in ſhrill accents, and miſ-ſhapen words
ours forth ſuch hideous wailings, as declare
he human form confounded in the mare,
ill by degrees accompliſh'd in the beaſt,
e neigh'd outright, and all the ſteed expreſt.
r ſtooping body on her hands is born,
r hands are turn'd to hoofs, and ſhod in horn:

Her yellow treſſes ruffle in a mane,
And in a flowing tail ſhe friſks her train.
The mare was finiſh'd in her voice and look,
And a new name from the new figure took.

The transformation of BATTUS *to a Touch-ſtone.*

Sore wept the centaur, and to Phoebus pray'd;
But how could Phoebus give the centaur aid?
Degraded of his pow'r by angry Jove,
In Elis then a herd of bees he drove;
And weilded in his hand a ſtaff of oak,
And o'er his ſhoulders threw the ſhepherd's cloak,
On ſeven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
And on his rural pipe to waſte the day.

As once, attentive to his pipe he play'd,
The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd
A drove, that ſep'rate from their fellows ſtray'd.
The theft an old inſidious peaſant view'd,
(They call'd him BATTUS in the neigbourhood)
Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
His favourite mares, and watch the generous breed.
The thieviſh god ſuſpected him and took
The hind aſide, and thus in whiſpers ſpoke;
'Diſcover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
'And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee.'
'Go, ſtranger, cries the clown, ſecurely on,
'That ſtone ſhall ſooner tell; and ſhow'd a ſtone.

The god withdrew, but ſtraight return'd again,
In ſpeech and habit like a country ſwain;

And cries out, 'Neigbour, haſt thou ſeen aſtray
'Of bullocks and of heifers paſs this way?
'In the recovery of my cattle join,
'A bullock and a heifer ſhall be thine.'
The peaſant quick replies, 'You'll find them there
'In yon dark vale:' and in the vale they were.
The double bribe had his falſe heart beguil'd:
The god, ſucceſsful in the tryal, ſmil'd;
'And doſt thou thus betray myſelf to me?
'Me to myſelf doſt thou betray? ſays he:'
Then to a touch-ſtone turns the faithleſs ſpy,
And in his name records his infamy.

The Story of AGLAUROS, *transform'd into a Statue.*

This done, the god flew up on high, and paſs'd
O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
And wide Munichia, whilſt his eyes ſurvey
All the vaſt region that beneath him lay.
'Twas now the feaſt when each Athenian maid
Her yearly homage to Minerva paid;
In caniſters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
High on their heads their myſtic gifts they bore:
And now, returning in a ſolemn train,
The troop of ſhining virgins fill'd the plain.
The god well-pleas'd beheld the pompous ſhow,
And ſaw the bright proceſſion paſs below;
Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
And hover'd o'er them: as the ſpreading kite,
That ſmells the ſlaughter'd victim from on high,
Flies at a diſtance, if the prieſts are nigh,
And ſails around, and keeps it in her eye;

So kept the god the virgin choir in view,
And in ſlow winding circles round them flew.
As Lucifer excels the meaneſt ſtar,
Or, as the full-orb'd Phoebe Lucifer;
So much did Hersè all the reſt outvy,
And gave a grace to the ſolemnity.
Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung:
So the cold bullet, that with fury ſlung
From Balearick engines mounts on high,
Glows in the whirl, and burns along the ſky.
At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and ſhow'd
The form divine, the features of a god.
He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
And yet he ſtrives to better them by art.
He hangs his mantle looſe, and ſets to ſhow
The golden edging on the ſeam below;
Adjuſts his flowing curls, and in his hand
Waves, with an air, the ſleep-procuring wand;
The glittering ſandals to his feet applies,
And to each heel the well-trim'd pinion ties.
His ornaments with niceſt art diſplay'd,
He ſeeks th' apartment of the royal maid.
The roof was all with poliſh'd ivory lin'd,
That, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoiſe ſhin'd.
Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were plac'd,
The midmoſt by the beauteous Hersè grac'd;
Her virgin ſiſters lodg'd on either ſide,
Aglauros firſt th' approaching god deſcry'd,
And, as he croſs'd her chamber, aſk'd his name,
And what his buſineſs was, and whence he came.

I come, reply'd the god, ftom heav'n, to woo
Your fifter, and to make an aunt of you;
I am the fon and meffenger of Jove.
My name is Mercury, my bufinefs love;
Do you, kind damfel, take a lover's part,
And gain admittance to your fifter's heart.
She ftar'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
s when fhe on Minerva's fecret gaz'd,
nd afks a mighty treafure for her hire,
nd, till he brings it, makes the god retire.
linerva griev'd to fee the nymph fucceed;
nd now remembring the late impious deed,
When, difobedient to her ftrict command,
he touch'd the chefl with an unhallow'd hand;
n big-fwoln fighs her inward rage expref's'd,
That heav'd the rifing Aegis on her breaft;
Then fought out Envy in her dark abode,
efil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood:
ut from the winds, and from the wholfome fkies,
a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
ifmal and cold, where not a beam of light
vades the winter, or difturbs the night.
Directly to the cave her courfe fhe fteer'd,
ainft the gates her martial lance fhe rear'd;
he gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd.
pois'nous morfel in her teeth fhe chew'd,
nd gorg'd the flefh of vipers for her food.
inerva loathing, turn'd away her eye;
he hideous monfter, rifing heavily,

Came ſtalking forward with a ſullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as ſhe ſaw the goddeſs gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at ſuch a chearful ſight.
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul diſtorted glances turn'd awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts poſſeſs'd,
And ſpread a greenneſs o'er her canker'd breaſt;
Her teeth were brown with ruſt; and from her tongue
In dangling drops, the ſtringy poiſon hung.
She never ſmiles, but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's ſleep,
Reſtleſs in ſpite, while watchful to deſtroy,
She pines and ſickens at another's joy;
Foe to herſelf, diſtreſſing and diſtreſt,
She bears her own tormenter in her breaſt.
The goddeſs gave (for ſhe abhorr'd her ſight)
A ſhort command: 'To Athens ſpeed thy flight;
'On curſt Aglauros try thy utmoſt art,
'And fix thy rankeſt venoms in her heart.'
This ſaid, her ſpear ſhe puſh'd againſt the ground,
And mounting from it with an active bound,
Flew off to heaven: the hag with eyes aſkew
Look'd up, and mutter'd curſes as ſhe flew;
For ſore ſhe fretted, and began to grieve
At the ſucceſs which ſhe herſelf muſt give.
Then takes her ſtaff, hung round with wreaths of thorns,
And ſails along, in a black whirlwind born,
O'er fields and flowery meadows: where ſhe ſteers
Her baneful courſe, a mighty blaſt appears,

ildews and blights; the meadows are defac'd,
he fields, the flowers, and the whole year laid waste:
n mortals next, and peopled towns she falls,
nd breathes a burning plague among their walls.
When Athens she beheld, for arts renown'd,
ith peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
arce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
o find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.
h' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest,
glauros lay, with gentle sleep oppreſt.
o execute Minerva's dire command,
e stroak'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
hen prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
hat stung to madness the devoted maid:
r subtle venom still improves the smart,
ets in the blood, and festers in the heart.
To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
nd plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
r sister's marriage, and her glorious fate:
h' imaginary bride appears in state;
he bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows;
r Envy magnifies whate'er she shows.
Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
tears all night, and darkness all the day;
nsum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
hen feebly smitten by the distant sun;
like unwholsome weeds, that set on fire
e slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.
ven up to envy (for in every thought
e thorns, the venom, and the vision wrought)

Oft did ſhe call on death, as oft decreed,
Rather than ſee her ſiſter's wiſh ſucceed,
To tell her awful father what had paſt:
At length before the door herſelf ſhe caſt;
And, ſitting on the ground with ſullen pride,
A paſſage to the love-ſick god deny'd.
The god careſs'd, and for admiſſion pray'd,
And ſooth'd in ſofteſt words th' envenom'd maid.
In vain he ſooth'd; 'Begone! the maid replies,
'Or here I keep my ſeat, and never riſe.'
'Then keep thy ſeat for ever,' cries the god,
And touch'd the door, wide-opening to his rod.
Fain would ſhe riſe, and ſtop him, but ſhe found
Her trunk too heavy to forſake the ground;
Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
And marble now appears in every nail.
As when a cancer in the body feeds,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds;
So does the chilneſs to each vital part
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;
'Till hard'ning every where, and ſpeechleſs grown,
She ſits unmov'd, and freezes to a ſtone;
But ſtill her envious hue and ſullen mien
Are in the ſedentary figure ſeen.

EUROPA's *Rape*.

When now the god his fury had allay'd,
And taken vengeance of the ſtubborn maid,
From where the bright Athenian turrets riſe
He mounts aloft, and re-aſcends the ſkies.

ove ſaw him enter the ſublime abodes,
nd, as he mix'd among the croud of gods,
eckon'd him out, and drew him from the reſt,
nd in ſoft whiſpers thus his will expreſt.
' My truſty Hermes, by whoſe ready aid
Thy ſire's commands are thro' the world convey'd,
Reſume thy wings, exert their utmoſt force,
And to the walls of Sidon ſpeed thy courſe;
There find a herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
The neighbouring hill, and drive 'em to the ſhore;
Thus ſpoke the god, concealing his intent.
he truſty Hermes on his meſſage went,
nd found the herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
neighbouring hill, and drove 'em to the ſhore;
Where the king's daughter with a lovely train
f fellow-nymphs, was ſporting on the plain.
The dignity of empire laid aſide,
For love but ill agrees with kingly pride.)
he Ruler of the ſkies, the thundering God,
Who ſhakes the world's foundations with a nod,
mong a herd of lowing heifers ran,
riſk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
arge rolls of fat about his ſhoulders clung,
nd from his neck the double dewlap hung.
is ſkin was whiter than the ſnow that lies
nſully'd by the breath of ſouthern ſkies;
all ſhining horns on his curl'd forehead ſtand,
s turn'd and poliſh'd by the workman's hand;
is eye-balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
t gaz'd and languiſh'd with a gentle light.

His very look was peaceful, and expreſt
The ſoftneſs of the lover in the beaſt.
Agenor's royal daughter, as ſhe play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white bull ſurvey'd,
And view'd his ſpotleſs body with delight,
And at a diſtance kept him in her ſight.
At length ſhe pluck'd the riſing flowers, and fed
The gentle beaſt, and fondly ſtroak'd his head.
He ſtood well-pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleaſure there.
And now he wantonr o'es the neighbouring ſtrand,
Now rowls his body on the yellow ſand;
And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes toſſing forward to the royal maid;
Gives her his breaſt to ſtroke, and downward turns
His griſly brow, and gently ſtoops his horns.
In flowery wreaths the royal virgin dreſt
His bending horns, and kindly clapt his breaſt.
'Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that ſhe preſt the Thunderer,
She plac'd herſelf upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, ſeated on the god.
He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the ſeas;
Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
Now plnnges in, and carries of the prize.
The frighted nymph looks backward on the ſhoar,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
But ſtill ſhe holds him faſt: one hand is born
Upon his back; the other graſps a horn;

Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.
Through ſtorms and tempeſts he the virgin bore,
And lands her ſafe on the Dictean ſhore;
Where now, in his divineſt form array'd,
In his true ſhape he captivates the maid;
Who gazes on him, and with wond'ring eyes
Beholds the new majeſtic figure riſe,
His glowing features, and celeſtial light,
And all the god diſcover'd to her ſight.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK III.

THE STORY OF CADMUS.

WHEN now Agenor had his daughter loſt,
He ſent his ſon to ſearch on every coaſt;
And ſternly bid him to his arms reſtore
The darling maid, or ſee his face no more,
Nor live an exile in a foreign clime;
Thus was the father pious to a crime.
The reſtleſs youth ſearch'd all the world around;
But how can Jove in his amours be found?
Then tir'd at length with unſucceſsful toil,
To ſhun his angry ſire and native ſoil,

He goes a ſuppliant to the Delphic dome;
There aſks the god what new appointed home
Should end his wand'rings, and his toils relieve,
The Delphic oracles this anſwer give.

'Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
'Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plow;
'Mark well the place where firſt ſhe lays her down,
'Their meaſure out thy walls, and build thy town,
'And from thy guide Boeotia call the land,
'In which the deſtin'd walls and town ſhall ſtand.

No ſooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promiſe of the Delphic god,
When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with ſervitude:
Her gently at a diſtance he purſu'd;
And, as he walk'd aloof, in ſilence pray'd
To the great pow'r whoſe counſels he obey'd.
Her way throngh flowery Panopè ſhe took,
And now, Cephiſus, croſs'd thy ſilver brook;
When to the heavens her ſpacious front ſhe rais'd,
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning gaz'd
On thoſe behind, 'till on the deſtin'd place
She ſtoop'd, and couch'd amid the riſing graſs.

Cadmus ſalutes the ſoil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains, and the namleſs vales,
And thanks the gods, and turns about his eye
To ſee his new dominions round him lye;
Then ſends his ſervants to a neighbouring grov
For living ſtreams, a ſacrifice to Jove.

O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark bosom stood
A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
O'er-run with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn:
Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round.

Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
Bloated with poison to a monstrous seize;
Fire broke in flashes when he glanc'd his eyes:
His towering crest was glorious to behold,
His shoulders and his sides were scal'd with gold;
Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes,
His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
The Tyrians in the den for water sought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault:
From side to side their empty urns rebound,
And rouse the sleepy serpent with the sound.
Straight he bestirs him, and is seen to rise;
And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
And darts his forky tongues, and rouls his glaring eyes.
The Tyrians drop their vessels in the fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.
Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,
And gazing round him, overlook'd the wood:
Then floating on the ground, in circles rowl'd;
Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
Of such a bulk, and such a monstrous size,
The serpent in the polar circle lyes,
That stretches over half the northern skies,

In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:
All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
Some die entangled in the winding train;
Some are devour'd; or feel a loathſom death,
Swoln up with blaſts of peſtilential breath.

And now the ſcorching ſun was mounted high,
In all its luſtre, to the noon-day ſky;
When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
To ſearch the woods th' impatient chief prepares.
A lion's hide around his loins he wore,
The well-pois'd jav'lin to the field he bore,
Inur'd to blood; the far-deſtroying dart,
And, the beſt weapon, an undaunted heart.

Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
He ſaw his ſervants breathleſs on the graſs;
The ſcaly foe amid their corps he view'd,
Baſking at eaſe, and feaſting in their blood.
'Such friends, he cries, deſerv'd a longer date;
'But Cadmus will revenge, or ſhare their fate.
Then heav'd a ſtone, and riſing to the throw,
He ſent it in a whirlwind at the foe:
A tower, aſſaulted by ſo rude a ſtroke,
With all its lofty battlements had ſhook;
But nothing here the unweildy rock avails,
Rebounding harmleſs from the plaited ſcales,
That, firmly join'd, preſerv'd him from a wound,
With native armour cruſted all around.
The pointed jav'lin more ſucceſsful flew,
Which at his back the raging warrior threw;

Amid the plaited ſcales it took its courſe,
And in the ſpinal marrow ſpent its force.
The monſter hiſs'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain;
And bit the ſpear, and wrench'd the wood away:
The point ſtill buried in the marrow lay.
And now his rage, increaſing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein;
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom roſe,
Whilſt from his mouth a blaſt of vapours flows,
Such as the infernal Stygian waters caſt;
The plants around him wither in the blaſt.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravell'd, and without a fold;
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the foreſt in his boiſterous courſe.
Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's ſpoil
Suſtain'd the ſhock, then forc'd him to recoil;
The pointed jav'lin warded off his rage:
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The ſerpent champs the ſteel, and bites the ſpear,
'Till blood and venom all the point beſmear.
But ſtill the hurt he yet receiv'd was ſlight;
For, whilſt the champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the jav'lin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and diſappoints the blow.
The dauntleſs hero ſtill purſues his ſtroke,
And preſſes forward, 'till a knotty oak
Retards his foe, and ſtops him in the rear;
Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal ſpear,

That in the extended neck a passage found,
And pierc'd the solid timber through the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
Of his huge tail, he lash'd the sturdy oak;
'Till spent with toil, and labouring hard for breath,
He now lay twisting in the pangs of death.

Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of swimming poison, intermix'd with blood;
When suddenly a speech was heard from high
(The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh)
'Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see,
'Insulting man! what thou thyself shalt be?'
Astonish'd at the voice, he stood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd:
When Pallas swift descending from the skies,
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wise,
Bids him plow up the field, and scatter round
The Dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground;
Then tells the youth how to his wondering eyes
Embattled armies from the fields should rise.

He sows the teeth at Pallas's command,
And flings the future people from his hand.
Tne clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows;
And now the pointed spears advance in rows;
Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts;
O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
A growing host, a crop of men and arms.

So through the parting stage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears

By juſt degrees; 'till all the man ariſe,
And in his full proportion ſtrikes the eyes.
Cadmus ſurpriz'd, and ſtartled at the ſight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himſelf for fight:
When one cry'd out, 'Forbear, fond man, forbear
'To mingle in a blind promiſcuous war.
This ſaid, he ſtruck his brother to the ground,
Himſelf expiring by another's wound;
Nor did the third his conqueſt long ſurvive,
Dying ere ſcarce he had begun to live.
The dire example ran through all the field,
'Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
The furrows ſwam in blood, and only five
Of all the vaſt encreaſe were left alive.
Echion one, at Pallas's command,
Let fall the guiltleſs weapon from his hand;
And with the reſt a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes:
So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new Boeotian empire birth.
Here Cadmus reign'd; and now one would have [gueſs'd
The royal founder in his exile bleſt:
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Ally'd by marriage to the deathleſs gods;
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increaſe of children's children told:
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded bleſt before he die.
Actaeon was the firſt of all his race,
Who griev'd his grandſire in his borrow'd face;

Condemn'd by ſtern Diana to bemoan
The branching horns, and viſage not his own;
To ſhun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
And from their huntſman to become their prey.
And yet conſider why the change was wrought,
You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;
Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance:
For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

The transformation of ACTAEON *into a ſtag.*

In a fair chace a ſhady mountain ſtood,
Well ſtor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of blood.
Here did the huntſmen till the heat of day
Purſue the ſtag, and load themſelves with prey:
When thus Actaeon calling to the reſt:
'My friends, ſays he, our ſport is at the beſt.
'The ſun is high advanc'd, and downward ſhades
'His burning beams directly on our heads;
'Then by conſent abſtain from further ſpoils,
'Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils;
'And ere to morrow's ſun begins his race,
'Take the cool morning to renew the chace.
They all conſent, and in a chearful train
The jolly huntſmen, loaden with the ſlain,
Return in triumph from the ſultry plain.

Down in a vale with pine and cypreſs clad,
Refreſh'd with gentle winds, and brown with ſhade,
The chaſte Diana's private haunt, there ſtood
Full in the centre of the darkſome wood

A ſpacious grotto, all around o'ergrown
With hoary moſs, and arch'd with pumice-ſtone,
From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
And trickling ſwell into a lake below.
Nature had ev'ry where ſo play'd her part,
That every where ſhe ſeem'd to vie with art.
Here the bright goddeſs, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.
Here did ſhe now with all her train reſort,
Panting with heat, and breathleſs from the ſport;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aſide,
Some loos'd her ſandals, ſome her veil unty'd;
Each buſy nymph her proper part undreſt;
While Crocalè more handy than the reſt,
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a nooſe
Bound it together, whilſt her own hung looſe.
Five of the more ignoble ſort by turns
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.
Now all undreſt the ſhining goddeſs ſtood,
When young Actaeon wilder'd in the wood,
To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,
The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs ſurvey'd.
The frighted virgins ſhriek'd at the ſurprize,
The foreſt echo'd with their piercing cries.)
Then in a huddle round their goddeſs preſt:
She, proudly eminent above the reſt,
With bluſhes glow'd; ſuch bluſhes as adorn
The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn;
And tho' the crowding nymphs her body hide,
Half backward ſhrunk, and view'd him from aſide.

Surpriz'd, at firſt ſhe would have ſnatch'd her bow,
But ſees the circling waters round her flow;
Theſe in the hollow of her hand ſhe took,
And daſh'd them in his face, while thus ſhe ſpoke:
' Tell, if thou can'ſt, the wond'rous ſight diſclos'd;
' A goddeſs naked to thy view expos'd.
This ſaid, the man begun to diſappear
By ſlow degrees, and ended in a deer.
A riſing horn on either brow he wears,
And ſtretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
Rough is his ſkin, with ſudden hairs o'er grown,
His boſom pants with fears before unknown.
Transform'd at length, he flies away in haſte,
And wonders why he flies away ſo faſt.
But as by chance, within a neighbouring brook,
He ſaw his branching horns and alter'd look,
Wretched Actaeon! in a doleful tone
He try'd so ſpeak, but only gave a groan;
And as he wept, within the watry glaſs,
He ſaw the big round drops, with ſilent pace,
Run trickling down a ſavage hairy face.
What ſhould he do? or ſeek his old abodes,
Or herd among the deer, and ſkulk in woods?
Here ſhame diſſuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aking heart aſſails.
As he thus ponders, he behind him ſpies
His opening hounds, and now he hears their cries;
A generous pack, or to maintain the chace,
Or ſnuff the vapour from the ſcented graſs.

He bounded off with fear, and ſwiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains, and the flowery plain;
Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
Through many a ring, where once he did purſue.
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue ſupplies;
From ſhouting men, and horns, and dogs he flies,
Deafen'd and ſtun'd with their promiſcuous cries.
When now the fleeteſt of the pack, that preſt
Cloſe at his heels, and ſprung before the reſt,
Had faſten'd on him, ſtraight another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
Till all the pack came up, and ev'ry hound
Tore the ſad huntſman grov'ling on the ground,
Who now appear'd but one continu'd wound.
With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
His ſervants with a piteous look he ſpies,
And turns about his ſupplicating eyes.
His ſervants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
With eager haſte and joyful ſhouts advanc'd,
And call'd their Lord Actaeon to the game;
He ſhook his head in anſwer to the name,
Unheard, but wiſh'd he had indeed been gone,
Or only to have ſtood a looker on.
But, to his grief, he finds himſelf too near,
And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear
Their wretched maſter panting in a deer.

The Birth of BACCHUS.

Actaeon's sufferings, and Diana's rage,
Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage,
Some call'd the evils, which Diana wronght,
Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault;
Others again esteem'd Actaeon's woes
Fit for a virgin goddess to impose.
The hearers into different parts divide,
And reasons are produc'd on either side.
Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
Nor would condemn the goddess, nor excuse:
She heeded not the justice of the deed,
But joy'd to see the race of Cadmus bleed;
For still she kept Europa in her mind,
And, for her sake, detested all her kind.
Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
How Semele, to Jove's embrace preferr'd,
Was now grown big with an immortal load,
And carry'd in her womb a future god.
Thus terribly incens'd, the goddess broke
To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke.
' Are my reproaches of so small a force?
' 'Tis time I then pursue another course:
' It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,
' If I'm indeed the mistress of the sky;
' If rightly styl'd among the pow'rs above
' The wife and sister of the thundering Jove,
' (And none can sure a sister's right deny)
' It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.

' She boasts an honour I can hardly claim;
' Pregnant she rises to a mother's name;
' While proud and vain she triumphs in her Jove,
' And shows the glorious tokens of his love:
' But if I'm still the mistress of the skies,
' By her own lover the fond beauty dies.
This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of Semele she stood.
Old Beroë's decrepit face she wears,
Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs;
Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,
And learns to tattle in the nurse's tone.
The goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguil'd
With pleasing stories her false foster-child,
Much did she talk of love, and when she came
To mention to the nymph her lover's name,
Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,
' 'Tis well, says she, if all be true that's said.
' But trust me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
' Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.
' Many an honest well-designing maid,
' Has been by these pretended gods betray'd.
' But if he be indeed the thundering Jove,
' Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
' Descend triumphant from th' etherial sky,
' In all the pomp of his divinity;
' Encompass'd round by those celestial charms,
' With which he fills th' immortal Juno's arms.
Th' unwary nymph, ensnar'd with what she said,
Desir'd of Jove, when next he sought her bed,

To grant a certain gift which she would chuse;
'Fear not, reply'd the god, that I'll refuse
'Whate'er you ask: may Styx confirm my voice,
'Chuse what you will, and you shall have your choice.
'Then, says the nymph, when next you seek my arms
'May you descend in those celestial charms,
'With which your Juno's bosom you enflame,
'And fill with transport heaven's immortal dame.
The god surpriz'd would fain have stopp'd her voice:
But he had sworn, and she had made her choice.

To keep his promise he ascends, and shrowds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;
Whilst all around, in terrible array,
His thunders rattle, and his light'nings play.
And yet, the dazling lustre to abate,
He set not out in all his pomp and state,
Clad in the mildest light'ning of the skies,
And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size:
Not those huge bolts, by which the giants slain
Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain.
'Twas of a lesser mould, and lighter weight;
They call it thunder of a second rate.
For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command
Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
Work'd up less flame and fury in its make,
And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake.
Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
Th' illustrious god, descending from his height,
Came rushing on her in a storm of light.

The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The light'ning's flashes, and the thunder's rage,
Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.
But, to preserve his off-spring from the tomb,
Jove took him smoaking from the blasted womb;
And, if on antient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd th' abortive infant in his thigh.
Here, when the babe had all its time fulfill'd,
Ino first took him for her foster-child;
Then the Niseans, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving god.

The Transformation of TIRESIAS.

'Twas now, while these transactions past on earth,
And Bacchus thus procur'd a second birth,
When Jove, dispos'd to lay aside the weight
Of public empire, and the cares of state;
As to his queen in Nectar bowls he quaff'd,
In troth, says he, and as he spoke he laugh'd,
The sense of pleasure in the male is far
More dull and dead, than what you females share.
Ino the truth of what was said deny'd;
Tiresias therefore must the cause decide;
For he the pleasure of each sex had try'd.
It happen'd once, within a shady wood,
Two twisted snakes he in conjunction view'd;
Then with his staff their slimy folds he broke
And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke.

But after ſeven revolving years, he view'd
The ſelf-ſame ſerpents in the ſelf-ſame wood;
' And if, ſays he, ſuch virtue in you lye,
' That he who dares your ſlimy folds untie
' Muſt change his kind, a ſecond ſtroke I'll try.
Again he ſtruck the ſnakes, and ſtood again
New-ſex'd, and ſtraight recover'd into man.
Him therefore both the deities create
The ſovereign umpire in their grand debate;
And he declar'd for Jove: when Juno fir'd,
More than ſo trivial an affair requir'd,
Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his ſight,
And left him groping round in ſudden night.
But Jove (for ſo it is in heaven decreed,
That no one god repeal another's deed;)
Irradiates all his ſoul with inward light,
And with the prophet's art relieves the want of ſight

The Tranſformation of ECHO.

Fam'd far and near for knowing things to come,
From him th' enquiring nations ſought their doom;
The fair Liriope his anſwers try'd,
Aud firſt th' unerring prophet juſtify'd;
This nymph the god Cephiſus had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,
Whom the ſoft maids even then beheld with joy.
The tender dame, ſollicitous to know
Whether her child ſhould reach old age or no,

Consults the sage Tiresias, who replies,
'If e'er he knows himself, he surely dies.
Long liv'd the dubious mother in suspence,
'Till time unriddled all the prophet's sense.
Narcissus now his sixteenth year began,
Just turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the blooming youth caress'd,
Many a love-sick maid her flame confess'd,
Such was his pride, in vain the friend caress'd,
The love-sick maid in vain her flame confess'd.
Once, in the woods, as he pursu'd the chace,
The babbling Echo had descry'd his face;
She, who in others words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.
Echo was then a maid, of speech bereft,
Of wonted speech; for tho' her voice was left,
Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,
To sport with every sentence in the close.
Full often, when the goddess might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
This nymph with subtle stories would delay
Her coming, 'till the lovers slipp'd away.
The goddess found out the deceit in time,
And then she cry'd, 'That tongue, for this thy crime,
'Which could so many subtle tales produce,
'Shall be hereafter but of little use.
Hence 'tis she prattles, in a fainter tone,
With mimic sounds and accents not her own.
This love-sick virgin, overjoy'd to find
The boy alone, still follow'd him behind;

When glowing warmly at her near approach,
A ſulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden paſſion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not words to tell:
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch his voice, and to reſound the ſound.

The nymph, when nothing could Narciſſus move,
Still daſh'd with bluſhes for her ſlighted love,
Liv'd in the ſhady covert of the woods,
In ſolitary caves and dark abodes;
Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
'Till harraſs'd out, and worn away with care,
The ſounding ſkeleton, of blood bereft,
Beſides her bones and voice had nothing left.
Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found
In vaults, where ſtill it doubles ev'ry ſound.

The ſtory of NARCISSUS.

Thus did the nymph in vain careſs the boy,
He ſtill was lovely, but he ſtill was coy;
When one fair virgin of the ſlighted train
Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his diſdain,
'Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!'
Rhamnuſia pity'd the neglected fair,
And with juſt vengeance anſwer'd to her prayer.

There ſtands a fountain in a darkſome wood,
Nor ſtain'd with falling leaves nor riſing mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it reſts,
Unſully'd by the touch of men or beaſts;
High bowers of ſhady trees above it grow,
And riſing graſs and chearful greens below.

Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,
And over-heated by the morning chace
Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies:
But whilst within the chrystal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise.
For as his own bright image he survey'd,
He fell in love with the fantastic shade;
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.
The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;
The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,
With all the purple youthfulness of face,
That gently blushes in the wat'ry glass.
By his own flames consum'd the lover lies,
And gives himself the wound by which he dies.
To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
His arms, as often from himself he slips.
Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?
What kindle in thee this unpity'd love?
Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,
Its empty being on thyself relies;
Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.
Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he stood,
Mindless of sleep and negligent of food;
Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd.

At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain:
' You trees, ſays he, and thou ſurrounding grove,
' Who oft have been the kindly ſcenes of love,
' Tell me, if e'er within your ſhades did lye
' A youth ſo tortur'd, ſo perplex'd as I?
' I who before me ſee the charming fair,
' Whilſt there he ſtands, and yet he ſtands not there
' In ſuch a maze of love my thoughts are loſt;
' And yet no bulwark'd town, nor diſtant coaſt,
' Preſerves the beauteous youth from being ſeen,
' No mountains riſe, nor oceans flow between.
' A ſhallow water hinders my embrace;
' And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
' That kindly ſmiles, and when I bend to join
' My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
' Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,
' Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
' My charms an eaſy conqueſt have obtain'd
' O'er other hearts, by thee alone diſdain'd.
' But why ſhould I deſpair? I'm ſure he burns
' With equal flames, and languiſhes by turns.
' When-e'er I ſtoop he offers at a kiſs,
' And when my arms I ſtretch, he ſtretches his.
' His eye with pleaſure on my face he keeps,
' He ſmiles my ſmiles, and when I weep he weeps.
' When-e'er I ſpeak, his moving lips appear
' To utter ſomething, which I cannot hear.
' Ah wretched me! I now begin too late
' To find out all the long perplex'd deceit;

t is myſelf I love, myſelf I ſee;
The gay deluſion is a part of me.
I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
And my own beauties from the well return.
Whom ſhould I court? how utter my complaint?
Enjoyment but produces my reſtraint,
And too much plenty makes me die for want.
How gladly would I from myſelf remove!
And at a diſtance ſet the thing I love.
My breaſt is warm'd with ſuch unuſual fire,
I wiſh him abſent whom I moſt deſire.
And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
Death will the ſorrows of my heart relieve.
O might the viſionary youth ſurvive,
I ſhould with joy my lateſt breath reſign?
But oh! I ſee his fate involv'd in mine.
This ſaid, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd.
His tears defaced the ſurface of the well,
With circle after circle, as they fell:
And now the lovely face but half appears,
Over-run with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
Ah whither, cries Narciſſus, doſt thou fly?
Let me ſtill feed the flame by which I die;
Let me ſtill ſee, tho' I'm no further bleſt.
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breaſt:
His naked boſom redden'd with the blow,
A ſuch a bluſh as purple cluſters ſhow;

Ere yet the ſun's autumnal heats refine
Their ſprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
The glowing beauties of his breaſt he ſpies,
And with a new redoubled paſſion dies.
As wax diſſolves, as ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the ſun,
So melts the youth, and languiſhes away:
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,
And none of thoſe attractive charms remain,
To which the ſlighted Echo ſu'd in vain.

She ſaw him in his preſent miſery,
Whom, ſpight of all her wrongs, ſhe griev'd to ſee.
She anſwer'd ſadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his ſighs, and groan'd to every groan:
'Ah youth! belov'd in vain, Narciſſus cries;
'Ah youth! belov'd in vain, the nymph replies.
'Farewel, ſays he: the parting ſound ſcarce fell
From his faint lips, but ſhe reply'd, 'farewel.
Then on th' unwholeſome earth he gaſping lyes,
'Till death ſhuts up thoſe ſelf admiring eyes.
To the cold ſhades his flitting ghoſt retires,
And in the Stygian waves itſelf admires.

For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
Whom the ſad Echo anſwers in her turn:
And now the ſiſter-nymphs prepare his urn;
When, looking for his corpſe, they only found
A riſing ſtalk, with yellow bloſſoms crown'd,

The story of PENTHEUS.

This sad event gave blind Tiresias fame,
hrough Greece establish'd in a prophet's name.
Th' un-hallowed Pentheus only durst deride
he cheated people, and their eyeless guide.
o whom the prophet in his fury said,
aking the hoary honours of his head;
'Twere well, presumptuous man, 'twere well for thee
If thou wert eyeless too, and blind, like me:
For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
When the young god's solemnities appear;
Which if thou dost not with just rites adorn,
Thy impious carcass, into pieces torn,
Shall strew the woods and hang on ev'ry thorn.
Then, then, remember what I now foretel,
And own the blind Tiresias saw too well.
il Pentheus scorns him, and derides his skill;
t time did all the prophet's threats fulfil.
r now thro' prostrate Greece young Bacchus rode,
hilst howling matrons celebrate the God.
l ranks and sexes to his Orgies ran,
o mingle in the pomps, and fill the train.
hen Pentheus thus his wicked rage express'd;
What madness, Thebans, has your souls possess'd?
an hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,
nd the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,
hus quell your courage? can the weak alarm
f woman's yells those stubborn souls disarm,

'Whom nor the ſword nor trumpet e'er could fright
'Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?
'And you, our ſires, who left your old abodes,
'And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods;
'Will you without a ſtroke your city yield,
'And poorly quit an undiſputed field?
'But you, whoſe youth and vigour ſhould inſpire
'Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
'Whom burniſh'd arms and creſted helmets grace,
'Not flowery garlands and a painted face;
'Remember him to whom you ſtand ally'd:
'The ſerpent for his well of waters dy'd.
'He fought the ſtrong; do you his courage ſhow,
'And gain a conqueſt o'er a feeble foe.
'If Thebes muſt fall, oh might the fates afford
'A nobler doom from famine, fire, or ſword!
'Then might the Thebans periſh with renown:
'But now a beardleſs victor ſacks the town;
'Whom not the prancing ſteed, nor pond'rous ſhield
'Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the duſty field,
'But the ſoft joys of luxury and eaſe,
'The purple veſts, and flowery garlands pleaſe.
'Stand then aſide, I'll make the counterfeit
'Renounce his god-head, and confeſs the cheat.
'Acriſius from the Grecian walls repell'd
'This boaſted pow'r; why then ſhould Pentheus yield
'Go quickly, drag th' audacious boy to me;
'I'll try the force of his divinity.
Thus did th' audacious wretch thoſe rites profane;
His friends diſſuade th' audacious wretch in vain;

n vain his grandſire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.
So have I ſeen a river gently glide,
n a ſmooth courſe, and inoffenſive tide;
But if with dams its current we reſtrain,
t bears down all, and foams along the plain.
But now his ſervants came beſmear'd with blood,
ent by their haughty prince to ſeize the god;
The god they found not in the frantic throng,
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

The Mariners transform'd to Dolphins.

Him Pentheus view'd with fury in his look,
And ſcarce with-held his hands, while thus he ſpoke;
Vile ſlave! whom ſpeedy vengeance ſhall purſue,
And terrify thy baſe ſeditious crew:
Thy country, and thy parentage reveal,
And, why thou join'ſt in theſe mad Orgies, tell.
The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies.
'From high Meonia's rocky ſhores I came,
Of poor deſcent, Acaetes is my name:
My ſire was meanly born; no oxen plow'd
His fruitful fields, nor in his paſtures low'd.
His whole eſtate within the waters lay;
With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.
His art was all his livelihood; which he
Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me;
'In ſtreams, my boy, and rivers take thy chance;
'There ſwims, ſaid he, thy whole inheritance.

' Long did I live on this poor legacy;
' 'Till tir'd with rocks, and my own native ſky,
' To arts of navigation I inclin'd;
' Obſerv'd the turns and changes of the wind:
' Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
' The ſtormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,
' The bright Taygete, and the ſhining Bears,
' With all the ſailor's catalogue of ſtars.
' Once, as by chance for Delos I deſign'd,
' My veſſel, driv'n by a ſtrong guſt of wind,
' Moor'd in a Chian creek; aſhore I went,
' And all the following night in Chios ſpent.
' When morning roſe, I ſent my mates to bring
' Supplies of water from a neighb'ring ſpring,
' Whilſt I the motion of the winds explor'd;
' Then ſummon'd in my crew, and went aboard.
' Opheltes heard my ſummons, and with joy
' Brought to the ſhore a ſoft and lovely boy,
' With more than female ſweetneſs in his look,
' Whom ſtraggling in the neighb'ring fields he took.
' With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
' And nods with ſleep, and ſtaggers as he goes.
' I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
' Each heavenly feature, each immortal grace,
' And ſaw divinity in all his face.
' I know not who, ſaid I, this god ſhould be;
' But that he is a god I plainly ſee:
' And thou, who e'er thou art, excuſe the force
' Theſe men have us'd; and oh befriend our courſe

Pray not for us, the nimble Dictys cry'd;
Dictys, that could the main-top-mast bestride,
And down the ropes with active vigour slide.
To the same purpose old Epopeus spoke,
Who over-look'd the oars, and time'd the stroke,
The same the pilot, and the same the rest;
Such impious avarice their souls possest.
Nay, heaven forbid that I should bear away
Within my vessel so divine a prey,
Said I; and stood to hinder their intent:
When Lycabas, a wretch for murder sent
From Tuscany, to suffer banishment,
With his clench'd fist had struck me over-board,
Had not my hands in falling grasp'd a cord.
' His base confederates the fact approve;
When Bacchus (for 'twas he) begun to move,
Wak'd by the noise and clamours which they rais'd;
And shook his drowsie limbs, and round him gaz'd:
What means this noise? he cries; am I betray'd;
Ah! whither, whither must I be convey'd?
Fear not, said Proteus, child, but tell us where
You wish to land, and trust our friendly care.
To Naxos then direct your course, said he;
Naxos a hospitable port shall be
To each of you, a joyful home to me.
By every god, that rules the sea or sky,
The perjur'd villains promise to comply,
And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
With eager joy I launch into the deep;

'And, heedleſs of the fraud, for Naxos ſtand:
'They whiſper oft, and beckon with the hand,
'And give me ſigns, all anxious for their prey,
'To tack about, and ſteer another way.
'Then let ſome other to my poſt ſucceed,
'Said I, I'm guiltleſs of ſo foul a deed.
'What, ſays Ethalion, muſt the ſhips whole crew
'Follow your humour, and depend on you?
'And ſtraight himſelf he ſeated at the prore,
'And tack'd about, and ſought another ſhore.
'The beauteous youth now found himſelf betray'd,
'And from the deck the riſing waves ſurvey'd,
'And ſeem'd to weep, and as he wept he ſaid;
'And do you thus my eaſy faith beguile?
'Thus do you bear me to my native iſle?
'Will ſuch a multitude of men employ
'Their ſtrength againſt a weak defenceleſs boy?
'In vain did I the god-like youth deplore,
'The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more.
'And now by all the gods in heaven that hear
'This ſolemn oath, by Bacchus' ſelf, I ſwear,
'The mighty miracle that did enſue,
'Although it ſeems beyond belief, is true.
'The veſſel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
'Unmov'd by all the beating billows ſtood.
'In vain the mariners would plow the main
'With ſails unfurl'd, and ſtrike their oars in vain;
'Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
'And climbs the maſt, and hides the cords in leaves

'The ſails are cover'd with a chearful green,
'And berries in the fruitful canvas ſeen.
'Amidſt the waves a ſudden foreſt rears
'Its verdant head, and a new ſpring appears.
'The god we now behold with open'd eyes;
'A herd of ſpotted panthers round him lyes
'In glaring forms; the grapy cluſters ſpread
'On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
'And whilſt he frowns, and brandiſhes his ſpear,
'My mates, ſurpriz'd with madneſs, or with fear,
'Leap'd over-board; firſt perjur'd Madon found
'Rough ſcales, and fins his ſtiff'ning ſides ſurround;
'Ah what, cries one, has thus transform'd thy look?
'Straight his own mouth grows wider as he ſpoke;
'And now himſelf he views with like ſurprize.
'Still at his oar th' induſtrious Libys plies;
'But, as he plies, each buſy arm ſhrinks in,
'And by degrees is faſhion'd to a fin.
'Another, as he catches at a cord,
'Miſſes his arms, and, tumbling over-board,
'With his broad fins and forky tail he laves
'The riſing ſurge, and flounces in the waves.
'Thus all my crew transform'd around the ſhip,
'Or dive below, or on the ſurface leap,
'And ſpout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
'Full nineteen ſailors did the ſhip convey,
'A ſhole of nineteen dolphins round her play.
'I only in my proper ſhape appear,
'Speechleſs with wonder, and half-dead with fear,

'Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more.
With him I landed on the Chian ſhore,
And him ſhall ever gratefully adore.
This forging ſlave, ſays Pentheus, would prevail,
O'er our juſt fury by a far fetch'd tale:
Go, let him feel the whips, the ſwords, the fire,
And in the tortures of the rack expire.'
The officious ſervants hurry him away,
And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
But, whilſt the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
The gates fly open, of themſelves unbarr'd;
At liberty th' unfetter'd captive ſtands,
And flings the looſen'd ſhackles from his hands.

The Death of PENTHEUS.

But Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
Reſolv'd to ſend his meſſengers no more,
But went himſelf to the diſtracted throng,
Where high Cithaeron echo'd with their ſong.
And as the fiery war-horſe paws the ground,
And ſnorts and trembles at the trumpet's ſound;
Tranſported thus he heard the frantic rout,
And rav'd and madden'd at the diſtant ſhout.
A ſpacious circuit on the hill there ſtood,
Level and wide, and ſkirted round with wood;
Here the raſh Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
The howling dames and myſtic Orgies ſpies.
His mother ſternly view'd him where he ſtood,
And kindled into madneſs as ſhe view'd:

Her leafy jav'lin at her ſon ſhe caſt,
And cries, 'The boar that lays our country waſte!
'The boar, my ſiſters! aim the fatal dart,
'And ſtrike the brindled monſter to the heart.'
Pentheus aſtoniſh'd heard the diſmal ſound,
And ſees the yelling matrons gath'ring round;
He ſees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
'Help, help! my aunt Autonoe, he cry'd;
'Remember how your own Actacon dy'd.'
Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
One ſtretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops.
In vain does Pentheus to his mother ſue,
And the raw bleeding ſtumps preſents to view:
His mother howl'd; and, heedleſs of his prayer,
Her trembling hand ſhe twiſted in his hair,
'And this, ſhe cry'd, ſhall be Agavè's ſhare.'
When from the neck his ſtruggling head ſhe tore,
And in her hands the ghaſtly viſage bore,
With pleaſure all the hideous trunk ſurvey;
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
As ſtarting in the pangs of death it lay.
Soon as the wood its leafy honours caſts,
Blown off and ſcatter'd by autumnal blaſts,
With ſuch a ſudden death lay Pentheus ſlain,
And in a thouſand pieces ſtrow'd the plain.
By ſo diſtinguiſhing a judgment aw'd,
The Thebans tremble, and confeſs the god.

THE STORY OF

SALMACIS AND HERMAPHRODITUS

From the fourth book of OVID'S *Metamorphoses.*

HOW Salmacis, with weak unfeebling ſtreams
Softens the body and unnerves the limbs,
And what the ſecret cauſe, ſhall here be ſhown;
The cauſe is ſecret, but th' effect is known.
The Naiads nurſt an infant heretofore,
That Cytherea once to Hermes bore:
From both th' illuſtrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright parents through the infant's face.
When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat,
The boy had told, he left his native ſeat,
And ſought freſh fountains in a foreign ſoil:
The pleaſure leſſen'd the attending toil.
With eager ſteps the Lycian fields he croſt,
And fields that border on the Lycian coaſt;
A river here he view'd ſo lovely bright,
It ſhew'd the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a ſand conceal'd from human ſight,
The ſtream produc'd nor ſlimy ooze, nor weeds,
Nor miry ruſhes, nor the ſpiky reeds;
But dealt enriching moiſture all around,
The fruitful banks with chearful verdure crown'd
And kept the ſpring eternal on the ground.

A nymph preſides, nor practis'd in the chace,
Nor ſkilful at the bow, nor at the race;
Of all the blue-ey'd daughters of the main,
The only ſtranger to Diana's train:
Her ſiſters often, as 'tis ſaid, wou'd cry,
'Fie, Salmacis, what always idle! fie,
'Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows ſeize,
'And mix the toils of hunting with thy eaſe.'
Nor quiver ſhe nor arrows e'er wou'd ſeize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her eaſe.
But oft would bath her in the cryſtal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
Now in the limpid ſtream ſhe view'd her face,
And dreſt her image in the floating glaſs:
On beds of leaves ſhe now repos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flowers that grew about her ſtreams;
And then by chance was gathering, as ſhe ſtood
To view the boy, and long'd for what ſhe view'd.
Fain wou'd ſhe meet the youth with haſty feet,
She fain wou'd meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her looks were ſet with niceſt care,
And well deſerv'd to be reputed fair.
Bright youth, ſhe cries, whom all thy features prove
A god, and, if a god, the god of love;
But if a mortal, bleſt thy nurſe's breaſt,
Bleſt are thy parents, and thy ſiſters bleſt:
But oh how bleſt! how more than bleſt thy bride,
Ally'd in bliſs, if any yet ally'd.
If ſo, let mine the ſtoln enjoyments be;
If not, behold a willing bride in me.

The boy knew nought of love, and touch'd with shame,
He ſtrove, and bluſht, but ſtill the bluſh became;
In riſing bluſhes ſtill freſh beauties roſe;
The ſunny ſide of fruit ſuch bluſhes ſhows,
And ſuch the moon, when all her ſilver white
Turns in eclipſes to a ruddy light.
The nymph ſtill begs, if not a nobler bliſs,
A cold ſalute at leaſt, a ſiſter's kiſs:
And now prepares to take the lovely boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, 'or leave me to myſelf alone,
'You rude uncivil nymph, or I'll be gone.
'Fair ſtranger then, ſays ſhe, it ſhall be ſo;
And, for ſhe fear'd his threats, ſhe feign'd to go;
But hid within a covert's neighbouring green,
She kept him ſtill in ſight, herſelf unſeen,
The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently ſports about the ſhore,
Playful and wanton to the ſtream he trips,
And dips his foot, and ſhivers, as he dips.
The coolneſs pleas'd him, and with eager haſte
His airy garments on the bank he caſt;
His godlike features, and his heavenly hue,
And all his beauties were expos'd to view.
His naked limbs the nymph with rapture ſpies,
While hotter paſſions in her boſom riſe,
Fluſh in her cheeks, and ſparkle in her eyes.
She longs, ſhe burns to claſp him in her arms,
And looks, and ſighs, and kindles at his charms.

Now all undreſt upon the banks he ſtood,
And clapt his ſides, and leapt into the flood:
His lovely limbs the ſilver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;
As lilies ſhut within a chryſtal caſe,
Receive a gloſſy luſtre from the glaſs.
He's mine, he's all my own, the Naiad cries,
And flings off all, and after him ſhe flies.
And now ſhe faſtens on him as he ſwims,
And holds him cloſe, and wraps about his limbs,
The more the boy reſiſted and was coy,
The more ſhe clipt, and kiſt the ſtruggling boy.
So when the wringling ſnake is ſnatcht on high
In eagles claws, and hiſſes in the ſky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twiſts her legs, and writhes about her wings.
The reſtleſs boy ſtill obſtinately ſtrove
To free himſelf, and ſtill refus'd her love.
Amidſt his limbs ſhe kept her limbs intwin'd,
And why, coy youth, ſhe cries, why thus unkind!
Oh may the gods thus keep us ever join'd!
Oh may we never, never part again!
So pray'd the nymph, nor did ſhe pray in vain:
For now ſhe finds him, as his limbs ſhe preſt,
Grow nearer ſtill, and nearer to her breaſt;
Till, piercing each the other's fleſh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one:
Laſt in one face are both their faces join'd,
As when the ſtock and grafted twig combin'd
Shoot up the ſame, and wear a common rind:

Both bodies in a ſingle body mix,
A ſingle body with a double ſex.
The boy, thus loſt in woman, now ſurvey'd
The river's guilty ſtream, and thus he pray'd.
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his ſofter tone,
Surpriz'd to hear a voice but half his own)
You parent-gods. whoſe heavenly names I bear,
Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my prayer;
Oh grant, that whomſoe'er theſe ſtreams contain,
If man he enter'd, he may riſe again
Supple, unſinew'd, and but half a man!
The heavenly parents anſwer'd from on high,
Their two-ſhap'd ſon, the double votary;
Then gave a ſecret virtue to the flood,
And ting'd its ſource to make his wiſhes good.

NOTES on ſome of the foregoing STORIES in OVID's Metamorphoſes. On the ſtory of PHAETON, page 85.

THE ſtory of Phaeton is told with a greater air of majeſty and grandeur than any other in all Ovid. it is indeed the moſt important ſubject he treats of, except the deluge; and I cannot but believe that this is the conflagration he hints at in the firſt book;

Eſſe quoque in fatis reminiſcitur affore tempus
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia coeli
Ardeat et mundi moles operoſa laboret.

(tho' the learned apply thoſe verſes to the future burning of the world) for it fully anſwers that deſcription, if the

———Coeli miſerere tui, circumſpice utrumque,
Fumat uterque polus.

fumat uterque polus—comes up to Correptaque Regia coeli—beſides it is Ovid's cuſtom to prepare the reader for a following ſtory, by giving ſome intimations of it in a foregoing one, which was more particularly neceſſary to be done before he led us into ſo ſtrange a ſtory as this he is now upon.

VER. 7. *For in the portal*, &c] We have here the picture of the univerſe drawn in little.

—— Balaenarumque premenrem
Aegeona ſuis immania terga lacertis.

Aegeon makes a diverting figure in it.

——Facies non omnibus una
Nec diverſa tamen: qualem decet eſſe ſororum.

The thought is very pretty, of giving Doris and her daughters ſuch a difference in their looks as is natural to different perſons, and yet ſuch a likeneſs as ſhow'd their affinity.

Terra viros, urbeſque gerit, ſylvaſque, feraſque,
Fluminaque, et nymphas, et caetera numina ruris.

The leſs important figures are well huddled together in the promiſcuous deſcription at the end, which very well repreſents what the painters call a Grouppe.

——Circum caput omne micantes
Depoſuit radios; propiuſque accedere juſſit.

VER. 50. *And flung the blaze*, &c.] It give us a great image of Phoebus, that the youth was forc'd to look on him at a diſtance, and not able to approach him 'till he had lain aſide the circle of rays that caſt ſuch a glory about his head; and indeed we may every where obſerve in Ovid, that he never fails of a due loftiness in his ideas, tho' he wants it in his words. and this I think infinitely better than to have ſublime expreſſions and mean thoughts, which is generally the true character of Claudian and Statius. but this is not conſider'd by them who run down Ovid in the groſs, for a low middle way of writing. what can be more ſimple and unadorned, than his deſcription of Enceladus in the ſixth book?

Nititur ille quidem, pugnatque reſurgere ſaepe,
Dextra ſed Auſonio manus eſt ſubjecta Peloro,
Laeva Pachyne tibi, Lilibaeo crura premuntur,

Degravat Ætna caput, ſub quâ reſupinus arenas
Ejectat, flammamque fero vomit ore Typhaeus.

but the image we have here is truly great and ſublime, of a giant vomiting out a tempeſt of fire, and heaving up all Sicily, with the body of an iſland upon his breaſt, and a vaſt promontory on either arm.

There are few books that have had worſe commentators on them than Ovid's metamorpoſes. thoſe of the graver ſort have been wholly taken up in the Mythologies, and think they have appeared very judicious, if they have ſhewn us out of an old author that Ovid is miſtaken in a pedigree, or has turned ſuch a perſon into a wolf that ought to have been made a tiger. others have employed themſelves on what never entered into the poet's thoughts, in adapting a dull moral to every ſtory, and making the perſons of his poems to be only nick-names for ſuch virtues or vices; particularly the pious commentator, Alexander Roſs, has dived deeper into our author's deſign than any of the reſt; for he diſcovers in him the greateſt myſteries of the Chriſtian religion, and finds almoſt in every page ſome typical repreſentations of the world, the fleſh, and the devil. but if theſe writers have gone too deep, others have been wholly employed in the ſurface, moſt of them ſerving only to help out a ſchool-boy in the conſtruing part; or if they go out of their way, it is only to mark out the Gnomae of the author, as they call them, which are generally the heavieſt pieces of a poet, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt by Italian characters. The beſt of Ovid's expoſitors is he that wrote for the

Dauphin's uſe, who has very well ſhewn the meaning of the author, but ſeldom reflects on his beauties or imperfections; for in moſt places he rather acts the geographer than the critic, and inſtead of pointing out the fineneſs of a deſcription, only tells you in what part of the world the place is ſituated. I ſhall therefore only conſider Ovid under the character of a poet, and endeavour to ſhew him impartially, without the uſual prejudice of a tranſlator; which I am the more willing to do, becauſe I believe ſuch a comment would give the reader a truer taſte of poetry than a comment on any other poet would do; for in reflecting on the ancient poets, men think they may venture to praiſe all they meet with in ſome, and ſcarce any thing in others; but Ovid is confeſt to have a mixture of both kinds, to have ſomething of the beſt and worſt poets, and by conſequence to be the fairest ſubject for criticiſm.

VER. 63. *My ſon, ſays he,* &c.] Phoebus' ſpeech is very nobly uſher'd in, with the terque quaterque concutiens illuſtre caput—and well repreſents the danger and difficulty of the undertaking; but that which is its peculiar beauty, and makes it truly Ovid's, is the representing them juſt as a father wou'd to his young ſon;

Per tamen adverſi gradieris cornua Tauri,
Haemonioſque arcus, violentique ora Leonis,
Saevaque circuitu curvantem brachia longo
Scorpion, atque aliter curvantem brachia Cancrum

for one while he ſcares him with bugbears in the way

——Vaſti quoque rector Olympi,

Qui fera terribili jaculetur fulmina dextrâ,
Non agat hos currus; et quid Jove majus habetur?
Deprecor hoc unum quod vero nomine Poena,
Non honor eſt. Poenam, Phaeton, pro munere poſcis.

nd in other places perfectly tattles like a father, which y the way makes the length of the ſpeech very natural, and concludes with all the fondneſs and concern f a tender parent.

——Patrio pater eſſe metu probor; aſpice vultus
Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore poſſes
Inſerere, et patrias intus deprendere curas! &c.

VER. 127. *A golden axle*, &c.] Ovid has more turns nd repetitions in his words than any of the Latin oets, which are always wonderfully eaſie and natural n him. The repetition of Aureus, and the tranſition o Argenteus, in the deſcription of the chariot, give hese verſes a great ſweetneſs and majeſty.

Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea ſummae
Curvatura rotae; radiorum argenteus ordo.

VER. 152. *Drive them not on directly*, &c] Several ave endeavoured to vindicate Ovid againſt the old objection, that he miſtakes the annual for the diurnal motion of the ſun. The Dauphin's notes tell us that Ovid knew very well the ſun did not paſs through all the ſigns he names in one day, but that he makes Phoebus mention them only to frighten Phaeton from the undertaking. But though this may anſwer for what Phoebus ſays in his firſt ſpeech, it cannot for what is ſaid in his, where he is actually giving directions for his journey, and plainly

Sectus in obliquum est lato curvamine limes,
Zonarumque trium contentus fine polumque
Effugit australem, junctamque Aquilonibus Arcton.

describes the motion through all the Zodiac.

VER. 168. *And not my chariot*, &c] Ovid's verse is consiliis non curribus utere nostris. This way of joining two such different ideas as chariot and counsel to the same verb is mightily used by Ovid; but is a very low kind of wit, and has always in it a mixture of Pun, because the verb must be taken in a different sense when it is joined with one of the things, from what it has in conjunction with the other. Thus in the end of this story he tells you that Jupiter flung a thunderbolt at Phaeton '——pariterque, animâque, rotisque expulit 'aurigam,' where he makes a forced piece of Latin ('animâ expulit aurigam') that he may couple the soul and the wheels to the same verb.

VER. 193. *The youth was in a maze*, &c] It is impossible for a man to be drawn in a greater confusion than Phaeton is; but the Antithesis of light and darkness a little flattens the description. 'Suntque oculis 'tenebrae per tantum lumen obortae.'

VER. 196. *Then the seven stars*, &c] I wonder none of Ovid's commentators have taken notice of the oversight he has committed in this verse, where he makes the Triones grow warm before there was ever such a sign in the heavens; for he tells us in this very book, that Jupiter turned Calisto into this constellation, after he had repaired the ruins that Phaeton had made in the world.

VER. 250. *Athos and Tmolos*, &c.] Ovid has here, after the way of the old poets, given us a catalogue of the mountains and rivers which were burnt. But, that I might not tire the English reader, I have left out some of them that make no figure in the description, and inverted the order of the rest according as the smoothness of my verse requir'd.

VER. 275. *It was then, they say, the swarthy Moor*, &c.] This is the only Metamorphosis in all this long story, which contrary to custom is inserted in the middle of it. The critics may determine whether what follows it be not too great an excursion in him, who proposes it as his whole design to let us know the changes of things I dare say that if Ovid had not religiously observed the reports of the ancient Mythologists, we should have seen Phaeton turned into some creature or other that hates the light of the sun; or perhaps into an eagle that still takes pleasure to gaze on it.

VER. 296. *The frighted Nile*, &c.] Ovid has made a great many pleasant images towards the latter end of this story His verses on the Nile,

Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem,
Occuluitque caput, quod adhuc latet ostia septem
Pulverulenta vacant, septem sine flumine valles.

are as noble as Virgil could have written; but then he ought not to have mentioned the channel of the sea afterwards,

Mare contrahitur, siccaeque est campus arenae.

becauſe the thought is too near the other. The imag of the Cyclades is a very pretty one;

——Quos altum texerat aequor
Exiſtunt montes, et ſparſas Cycladas augent.

but to tell us that the ſwans grew warm in Cayſtor,

——Medio volucres caluere Cayſtro,

and that the dolphins durſt not leap,

——Nec ſe ſuper aequora curvi
Tollere conſuetas audent delphines in auras,

is intolerably trivial on ſo great a ſubject as the burning of the world.

VER. 318. *The earth at length*, &c] We have here a ſpeech of the earth, which will doubtleſs ſeem very unnatural to an Engliſh reader. It is I believe the boldeſt Proſopopoeia of any in the old poets; or if it were never ſo natural, I cannot but think ſhe ſpeaks too much in any reaſon for one in her condition.

On EUROPA's *Rape, page* 121.

VER. 21. *The dignity of empire*, &c] This ſtory is prettily told, and very well brought in by thoſe two ſerious lines,

Non bene conveniunt, nec in una ſede morantur,
Majeſtas et amor. Sceptri gravitate relictâ, &c.

without which the whole fable would have appear'd very prophane.

VER. 61. *The frighted nymph looks*, &c.] This conſternation and behaviour of Europa

———Elusam designat imagine tauri
Europen: verum taurum, freta vera putaras.
Ipsa videbatur terras spectare relictas,
Et comites clamare suas, tactumque vereri
Assilientis aquae, timidasque reducere plantas.

is better described in Arachne's picture in the sixth book, than it is here, and in the beginning of Tatius his Clitophon and Leucippe, than in either place. It is indeed usual among the Latin poets (who had more art and reflection than the Grecian) to take hold of all opportunities to describe the picture of any place or action, which they generally do better than they could the place or action itself; because in the description of a picture you have a double subject before you, either to describe the picture itself, or what is represented in it.

On the stories in the third book, page 123.

FAB. I.

There is so great a variety in the arguments of the Metamorphoses, that he who would treat of 'em right, ought to be a master of all styles, and every different way of writing. Ovid indeed shews himself most in a familiar story, where the chief grace is to be easy and natural; but wants neither strength of thought nor expression, when he endeavours after it, in the more sublime and manly subjects of his poem. In the present fable the serpent is terribly described, and his behaviour very well imagined, the actions of both parties in the encounter are natural, and the language that repre-

ſents them more ſtrong and maſculine than what we u-ſually meet with in this poet: if there be any faults in the narration, they are theſe, perhaps, which follow.

VER. 63. *Spire above ſpire*, &c.] Ovid, to make his ſerpent more terrible, and to raiſe the character of his champion, has given too great a looſe to his imagination, and exceeded all the bounds of probability He tells us, that when he raiſed up but half his body he over-looked a tall foreſt of oaks, and that his whole body was as large as that of the ſerpent in the ſkies. None but a madman would have attacked ſuch a monſter as this is deſcribed to be; nor can we have any notion of a mortal's ſtanding againſt him. Virgil is not aſhamed of making Aeneas fly and tremble at the ſight of a far leſs formidable foe, where he gives us the deſcription of Polyphemus, in the third book; he knew very well that a monſter was not a proper enemy for his hero to encounter: but we ſhould certainly have ſeen Cadmus hewing down the Cyclops had he fallen in Ovid's way; or if Statius's little Tydeus had been thrown on Sicily, it is probable he would not have ſpared one of the whole brotherhood.

——Phoenicas, ſive illi tela parabant,
Sive fugam, ſive ipſe timor prohibebat utrumque,
Occupat:——

VER. 70. *In vain the Tyrians*, &c.] The poet could not keep up his narration all along, in the grandeur and magnificence of an heroic ſtyle: he has here ſunk into the flatneſs of proſe, where he tells us the behaviour of the Tyrians at the ſight of the ſerpent:

——Tegimen direpta leoni
Pellis erat; telum splendenti lancea ferro,
Et jaculum; teloque animus praestantior omni.

nd in a few lines after lets drop the majesty of his erse, for the sake of one of his little turns. How does e languish in that which seems a laboured line? 'tristia sanguineâ lambentem vulnera linguâ.' And what ains does he take to express the serpent's breaking the rce of the stroke, by shrinking back from it?

Sed leve vulnus erat, quia se retrahebat ab ictu,
Laesaque colla dabat retro, plagamque sedere
Cedendo fecit, nec longiùs ire sinebat.

VER. 151. *And flings the future*, &c.] The description of the men rising out of the ground is as beautiful passage as any in Ovid: it strikes the imagination ery strongly; we see their motion in the first part of , and their multitude in the 'messis virorum' at last.

VER. 156. *The breathing harvest*, &c.] 'Messis clypeata virorum.' The beauty in these words would ave been greater, had only 'messis virorum' been expressed without clypeata; for the reader's mind would ave been delighted with two such different ideas compounded together, but can scarce attend to such a complete image as is made out of all three.

This way of mixing two different ideas together in e image, as it is a great surprize to the reader, is a eat beauty in poetry, if there be sufficient ground for in the nature of the thing that is described. The atin poets are very full of it, especially the worst of em, for the more correct use it but sparingly, as in-

deed the nature of things will ſeldom afford a juſt occa-
ſion for it. When any thing we deſcribe has acciden-
tally in it ſome quality that ſeems repugnant to its na-
ture, or is very extraordinary and uncommon in thing
of that ſpecies, ſuch a compounded image as we ar
now ſpeaking of is made, by turning this quality int
an epithet of what we deſcribe. Thus Claudian, havin
got a hollow ball of cryſtal with water in the midſt o
it for his ſubject, takes the advantage of conſiderin
the cryſtal as hard, ſtony, precious water, and the wa-
ter as ſoft, fluid, imperfect cryſtal; and thus ſports o
above a dozen epigrams, in ſetting his words and idea
at variance among one another. He has a great man
beauties of this nature in him, but he gives himſelf u
ſo much to this way of writing, that a man may eaſi
know where to meet with them when he ſees his ſub-
ject, and often ſtrains ſo hard for them that he man
times makes his deſcriptions bombaſtic and unnatura
What work would he have made with Virgil's golde
bough, had he been to deſcribe it? We ſhould certai
ly have ſeen the yellow bark, golden ſprouts, radian
leaves, blooming metal, branching gold, and all th
quarrels that could have been raiſed between words o
ſuch different natures: when we ſee Virgil contente
with his 'auri frondentis;' and what is the ſame, thoug
much finer expreſſed,——'frondeſcit virga metallo
This compoſition of different ideas is often met wit
in a whole ſentence, where circumſtances are happil
reconciled that ſeem wholly foreign to each other; an
is often found among the Latin poets, (for the Greek

wanted art for it) in their descriptions of pictures, images, dreams, apparitions, metamorphoses, and the like; where they bring together two such thwarting ideas, by making one part of their descriptons relate to the representation, and the other to the thing that is represented. Of this nature is that verse, which, perhaps, is the wittiest in Virgil; 'attollens humeris famamque et fata nepotum,' Aen. 8. where he describes Aeneas carrying on his shoulders the reputation and fortunes of his posterity; which, though very odd and surprizing, is plainly made out, when we consider how these disagreeing ideas are reconciled, and his posterity's fame and fate made portable by being engraven on the shield. Thus when Ovid tells us that Pallas tore in pieces Arachne's work, where she had embroidered all the rapes that the gods had committed, he says; 'rupit coelestia crimina.' I shall conclude this tedious reflection with an excellent stroke of this nature, out of Mr. Montagu's poem to the king; where he tells us how the king of France would have been celebrated by his subjects, if he had ever gained such an honourable wound as King William's at the fight of the Boyn:

His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
And run for ever purple in the looms.

FAB. II.

Pag. 129. VER. 180. *Here Cadmus reign'd.*] This is a pretty solemn transition to the story of Actaeon,

which is all naturally told. The goddess, and her maids undressing her, are described with diverting circumstances. Actaeon's flight, confusion and griefs are passionately represented; but it is pity the whole narration should be so carelessly closed up,

———Ut abesse queruntur,
Nec capere oblatae segnem spectacula praedae.
Vellet abesse quidem, sed adest, velletque videre,
Non etiam sentire, canum fera facta suorum.

Pag. 132. Ver. 77. *A generous pack, &c.*] I have not here troubled myself to call over Actaeon's pack of dogs in rhime; Spot and Whitefoot make but a mean figure in heroic verse, and the Greek names Ovid uses would sound a great deal worse. He closes up his own catalogue with a kind of a jest on it, 'quosque referre 'ferre mora est'———which, by the way, is too light and full of humour for the other serious parts of the story.

This way of inserting catalogues of proper names in their poems, the Latins took from the Greeks, but have made them more pleasing than those they imitate, by adapting so many delightful characters to their persons names; in which part Ovid's copiousness of invention, and great insight into nature, has given him the precedence to all the poets that ever came before or after him. The smoothness of our English verse is too much lost by the repetition of proper names, which is otherwise very natural and absolutely necessary in some cases; as before a battle, to raise in our minds an answerable expectation of the event, and a lively idea of

the numbers that are engaged. for had Homer or Virgil only told us in two or three lines before their fights, that there were forty thousand of each side, our imagination could not possibly have been so affected, as when we see every leader singled out, and every regiment in a manner drawn up before our eyes.

FAB. III.

Pag. 134. VER. 16. *How Semele*, &c.] This is one of Ovid's finish'd stories. the transition to it is proper and unforced: Juno, in her two speeches, acts incomparably well the parts of a resenting goddess and a tattling nurse: Jupiter makes a very majestic figure with his thunder and lightning, but it is still such a one as shows who drew it; for who does not plainly discover Ovid's hand in the

Quà tamen usque potest, viri sibi demere tentat.
Nec, quo centimanum dejecerat igne Typhoea,
Nunc armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo.
Est aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra Cyclopum
Saevitiae flammaeque minus, minus addidit Irae.
Tela secunda vocant superi.————

Pag. 135. VER. 46. *'Tis well, says she*, &c] Virgil has made a Beroë of one of his goddesses in the fifth Aeneid; but if we compare the speech she there makes with that of her name-sake in this story, we may find the genius of each poet discovering itself in the language of the nurse: Virgil's Iris could not have spoken more majestically in her own shape; but Juno is so

much altered from herself in Ovid, that the goddess is quite lost in the old woman.

FAB. V.

Pag. 140. VER. 43. *She can't begin*, &c.] If playing on words be excusable in any poem it is in this, where Echo is a speaker; but it is so mean a kind of wit, that if it deserves excuse, it can claim no more.

Mr. Locke, in his Essay of human Understanding, has given us the best account of wit in short, that can any where be met with. wit, says he, lyes in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy. thus does true wit, as this incomparable author observes, generally consist in the likeness of ideas, and is more or less wit, as this likeness in ideas is more surprizing and unexpected. but as true wit is nothing else but a similitude in ideas, so is false wit the similitude in words, whether it lyes in the likeness of letters only, as in anagram and acrostic; or of syllables, as in doggerel rhimes; or whole words, as puns, echo's, and the like. besides these two kinds of false and true wit, there is another of a middle nature, that has something of both in it. when in two ideas that have some resemblance with each other, and are both expressed by the same word, we make use of the ambiguity of the word to speak that of one idea included under it, which is proper to the other. thus, for example, most language

have hit on the word, which properly ſignifies fire, to expreſs love by, (and therefore we may be ſure there is ſome reſemblance in the ideas mankind have of them) from hence the witty poets of all languages, when they have once called love a fire, conſider it no longer as the paſſion, but ſpeak of it under the notion of a real fire, and as the turn of wit requires, make the ſame word in the ſame ſentence ſtand for either of the ideas that is annexed to it. when Ovid's Apollo falls in love he burns with a new flame; when the ſea-nymphs languiſh with this paſſion, they kindle in the water; the Greek epigrammatiſt fell in love with one that flung a ſnow-ball at him, and therefore takes occaſion to admire how fire could be thus concealed in ſnow. in ſhort, whenever the poet feels any thing in this love that reſembles ſomething in fire, he carries on this agreement into a kind of allegory; but if, as in the preceding inſtances, he finds any circumſtance in his love contrary to the nature of fire, he calls his love a fire, and by joining this circumſtance to it ſurpriſes his reader with a ſeeming contradiction. I ſhould not have dwelt ſo long on this inſtance, had it not been ſo frequent in Ovid, who is the greateſt admirer of this mixed wit of all the antients, as our Cowely is among the moderns. Homer, Virgil, Horace, and the greateſt poets ſcorned it, as indeed it is only fit for epigram and little copies of verſes; one would wonder therefore how ſo ſublime a genius as Milton could ſometimes fall into it, in ſuch a work as an epic poem. but we muſt attribute it to his humouring the vicious taſte of the

age he lived him, and the false judgment of our unlearned English readers, in general, who have few of them a relish of the more masculine and noble beauties of poetry.

FAB. VI.

Ovid seems particularly pleased with the subject of this story, but has notoriously fallen into a fault he is often taxed with, of not knowing when he has said enough, by his endeavouring to excell. how has he turned and twisted that one thought of Narcissus's being the person beloved, and the lover too?

Cunctaque miratur quibus est mirabilis ipse.
—Qui probat, ipse probatur.
Dumque petit petitur, pariterque incendit et ardet;
Atque oculos idem qui decipit incitat error.
Perque oculos perit ipse suos———
Uror amore mei, flammas moveoque feroque, &c.

But we cannot meet with a beter instance of the extravagance and wantonness of Ovid's fancy, than in that particular circumstance at the end of the story, of Narcissus's gazing on his face after death in the Stygian waters. the design was very bold, of making a boy fall in love with himself here on earth, but to torture him with the same passion after death, and not to let his ghost rest in quiet, was intolerably cruel and uncharitable.

Pag. 141. VER. 17. *But whilst within*, &c.] 'Dumque sitim sedare cupit sitis altera crevit.' We have here a touch of that mixed wit I have before spoken of

but I think the measure of pun in it out-weighs the true wit; for if we express the thought in other words the turn is almost lost. This passage of Narcissus probably gave Milton the hint of applying it to Eve, tho' I think her surprize at the sight of her own face in the water, far more just and natural, than this of Narcissus. She was a raw unexperienc'd being, just created, and therefore might easily be subject to the delusion; but Narcissus had been in the world sixteen years, was brother and son to the water-nymphs, and therefore to be supposed conversant with fountains long before this fatal mistake.

Pag. 142. VER. 47. *You trees, says he,* &c.] Ovid is very justly celebrated for the passionate speeches of his poem. They have generally abundance of nature in them, but I leave it to better judgments to consider whether they are not often too witty and too tedious. The poet never cares for smothering a good thought that comes in his way, and never thinks he can draw tears enough from his reader, by which means our grief is either diverted or spent before we come to his conclusion; for we cannot at the same time be delighted with the wit of the poet, and concerned for the person that speaks it; and a great critic has admirably well observed, 'Lamentationes debent esse breves et concisae, nam Lachryma subito exarescit, et difficile est 'auditorem vel lectorem in summo animi affectu diu tenere.' Would any one in Narcissus's condition have cried out—'inopem me copia fecit?' Or can any thing

be more unnatural than to turn off from his ſorrows for the ſake of a pretty reflection?

O utinam noſtro ſecedere corpore poſſem!
Votum in amante novum; vellem, quod amamus, abeſſet.

None, I ſuppoſe, can be much grieved for one that is ſo witty on his own afflictions. But I think we may every where obſerve in Ovid, that he employs his invention more than his judgment, and ſpeaks all the ingenious things that can be ſaid on the ſubject, rather than thoſe which are particularly proper to the perſon and circumſtances of the ſpeaker.

FAB. VII.

Pag. 145. VER. 22. *When Pentheus thus.*] There is a great deal of ſpirit and fire in this ſpeech of Pentheus, but I believe none beſides Ovid would have thought of the transformation of the ſerpent's teeth for an incitement to the Thebans courage, when he deſires them not to degenerate from their great fore-father the Dragon, and draws a parallel between the behaviour of them both.

Eſte, precor, memores. quâ ſitis ſtirpe creati,
Illiuſque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,
Sumite ſerpentis: pro fontibus ille, lacuque
Interiit, at vos pro famâ vincite veſtra.
Ille dedit letho fortes, vos pellite molles,
Et patrium revocate decus.———

FAB. VIII.

The ſtory of Acetus has abundance of nature in all the parts of it, as well in the deſcription of his own parentage and employment, as in that of the ſailors characters and manners. But the ſhort ſpeeches ſcattered up and down in it, which make the Latin very natural, cannot appear ſo well in our language, which is much more ſtubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but as ſo many rubs in the ſtory, that are ſtill turning the narration out of its proper courſe. The transformation at the latter end is wonderfully beautiful.

FAB. IX.

Ovid has two very good ſimilies on Pentheus, where he compares him to a river in a former ſtory, and to a war-horſe in the preſent.

PROLOGUE

TO

PHAEDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

LONG has a race of heroes fill'd the ſtage,
That rant by note, and thro' the gamut rage;
In ſongs and airs expreſs their martial fire,
Combat in trills, and in a fuge expire;
While lull'd by ſound, and undiſturb'd by wit,
Calm and ſerene you indolently ſit:
And from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
Hear the facetious fiddles repartee:
Our home-ſpun authors muſt forſake the field,
And Shakeſpear to the ſoft Scarletti yield.
To your new taſte the poet of this day,
Was by a friend advis'd to form his play;
Had Valentini, muſically coy,
Shun'd Phaedra's arms, and ſcorn'd the proffer'd joy,
It had not mov'd your wonder to have ſeen
An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen:
How would it pleaſe, ſhould ſhe in Engliſh ſpeak,
And could Hippolitus reply in Greek?
But he, a ſtranger to your modiſh way,
By your old rules muſt ſtand or fall to-day.
And hopes you will your foreign taſte command,
To bear, for once, with what you underſtand.

AN ESSAY ON VIRGIL's GEORGICS.

VIRGIL may be reckoned the firſt who introduced three new kinds of poetry among the Romans, which he copied after three the greateſt maſters of Greece. Theocritus and Homer have ſtill diſputed for the advantage over him in Paſtoral and Heroics, but I think all are unanimous in giving him the precedence to Heſiod in his Georgics. The truth of it is, the ſweetneſs and ruſticity of a Paſtoral cannot be ſo well expreſſed in any other tongue as in the Greek, when rightly mixed and qualified with the Doric dialect; nor can the majeſty of an heroic poem any where appear ſo well as in this language, which has a natural greatneſs in it, and can be often rendered more deep and ſonorous by the pronunciation of the Ionians. But in the middle ſtyle, where the writers in both tongues are on a level, we ſee how far Virgil has excelled all who have written in the ſame way with him.

There has been abundance of criticiſm ſpent on Virgils Paſtorals and Aeneids, but the Georgics are a ſub-

ject which none of the critics have sufficiently taken into their consideration; most of them passing it over in silence, or casting it under the same head with Pastoral; a division by no means proper, unless we suppose the style of a husbandman ought to be imitated in a Georgic, as that of a shepherd is in Pastoral. But though the scene of both these poems lies in the same place; the speakers in them are of a quite different character, since the precepts of husbandry are not to be delivered with the simplicity of a plowman, but with the address of a poet. No rules therefore that relate to Pastoral, can any way affect the Georgics, since they fall under that class of poetry, which consists in giving plain and direct instructions to the reader; whether they be moral duties, as those of Theognis and Pythagoras; or philosophical speculations, as those of Aratus and Lucretius; or rules of practice, as those of Hesiod and Virgil. Among these different kinds of subjects, that which the Georgics go upon, is I think the meanest and least improving, but the most pleasing and delightful. Precepts of morality, besides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from ideas of sense, that they seldom give an opportunity for those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of poetry. Natural philosophy has indeed sensible objects to work upon, but then it often puzzles the reader with the intricacy of its notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its disputes. But this kind of poetry I am now speaking of, addresses itself wholly to the imagination: it

altogether converſant among the fields and woods, and has the moſt delightful part of nature for its province. It raiſes in our minds a pleaſing variety of ſcenes and landſcapes, whilſt it teaches us; and makes the dryeſt of its precepts look like a deſcription. 'A Georgic 'therefore is ſome part of the ſcience of huſbandry put 'into a pleaſing dreſs, and ſet off with all the beauties 'and embelliſhments of poetry.' Now ſince this ſcience of huſbandry is of a very large extent, the poet ſhews his ſkill in ſingling out ſuch precepts to proceed on, as are uſeful, and at the ſame time moſt capable of ornament. Virgil was ſo well acquainted with this ſecret, that to ſet off his firſt Georgic, he has run into a ſet of precepts, which are almoſt foreign to his ſubject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the ſigns in nature, which precede the changes of the weather.

And if there be ſo much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is much more required in the treating of them; that they may fall in after each other by a natural unforced method, and ſhew themſelves in the beſt and moſt advantageous light. They ſhould all be ſo finely wrought together in the ſame piece, that no coarſe ſeam may diſcover where they join; as in a curious brede of needlework, one colour falls away by ſuch juſt degrees, and another riſes ſo inſenſibly, that we ſee the variety, without being able to diſtinguiſh the total vaniſhing of the one from the firſt appearance of the other. Nor is it ſufficient to range and diſpoſe this body of precepts into a clear and eaſy method, unleſs they are delivered to us in the moſt pleaſing and agree-

able manner: for there are ſeveral ways of conveying the ſame truth to the mind of man; and to chuſe the pleaſanteſt of theſe ways, is that which chiefly diſtinguiſhes poetry from proſe, and makes Virgil's rules of huſbandry pleaſanter to read than Varro's. Where the proſe-writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the poet often conceals the precept in a deſcription, and repreſents his country-man performing the action in which he would inſtruct his reader. Where the one ſets out, as fully and diſtinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth, which he would communicate to us: the other ſingles out the moſt pleaſing circumſtance of this truth, and ſo conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the underſtanding, I ſhall give one inſtance out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the Georgics, where the reader may ſee the different ways Virgil has taken to expreſs the ſame thing, and how much pleaſanter every manner of expreſſion is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the ſecond Georgic, where he tells us what trees will bear grafting on each other.

Et ſaepe alterius ramos impune videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutatamque inſita mala
Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidoſa rubeſcere corna.
———Steriles platani malos geſſere valentes,
Caſtaneae fagos, ornuſque incanuit albo
Flore pyri: *Glandemque ſues fregere ſub ulmis.*
——— ———Nec longum tempus: et ingens
Exiit ad coelum ramis felicibus arbos;
Miraturque novas frondes et non ſua poma.

Here we ſee the poet conſidered all the effects of this union between trees of different kinds, and took notice of that effect which had the moſt ſurprize, and by conſequence the moſt delight in it, to expreſs the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of writing is every where much in uſe among the poets, and is particularly practiſed by Virgil, who loves to ſuggeſt a truth indirectly, and without giving us a full and open view of it, to let us ſee juſt ſo much as will naturally lead the imagination into all the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully diverting to the underſtanding, thus to receive a precept, that enters as it were through a by-way, and to apprehend an idea that draws a whole train after it. For here the mind, which is always delighted with its own diſcoveries, only takes the hint from the poet, and ſeems to work out the reſt by the ſtrength of her own faculties.

But ſince the inculcating precept upon precept, will at length prove tireſome to the reader, if he meets with no entertainment, the poet muſt take care not to encumber his poem with too much buſineſs; but ſometimes to relieve the ſubject with a moral reflection, or let it reſt awhile for the ſake of a pleaſant and pertinent digreſſion. Nor is it ſufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digreſſions (as it is generally thought) unleſs they are brought in aptly, and are ſomething of a piece with the main deſign of the Georgic: for they ought to have a remote alliance at leaſt to the ſubject, that ſo the whole poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We ſhould never quite loſe

ſight of the country, though we are ſometimes entertained with a diſtant proſpect of it. Of this nature are Virgil's deſcriptions of the original of Agriculture, of the fruitfulneſs of Italy, of a country life, and the like, which are not brought in by force, but naturally riſe out of the principal argument and deſign of the poem. I know no one digreſſion in the Georgics that may ſeem to contradict this obſervation, beſides that in the latter end of the firſt book, where the poet launches out into a diſcourſe of the battle of Pharſalia, and the actions of Auguſtus: but it is worth while to conſider how admirably he has turned the courſe of his narration into its proper channel, and made his huſbandman concerned even in what relates to the battle, in thoſe inimitable lines,

'Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
'Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,
'Exeſa inveniet ſcabra rubigine pila:
'Aut gravibus raſtris galeas pulſabit inanes,
'Grandiaque effoſſis mirabitur oſſa ſepulchris.

And afterwards ſpeaking of Auguſtus's actions, he ſtill remembers that Agriculture ought to be ſome way hinted at throughout the whole poem.

——————'Non ullus aratro
'Dignus honos: ſqualent abductis arva colonis:
'Et curvae rigidum falces conflantur in enſem.

We now come to the ſtyle which is proper to a Georgic; and indeed this is the part on which the poet muſt lay out all his ſtrength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he deſcribes

may immediately present itself, and rise up to the reader's view. He ought in particular to be careful of not letting his subject debase his style, and betray him into a meanness of expression, but every where to keep up his verse in all the pomp of numbers, and dignity of words.

I think nothing which is a phrase or saying in common talk, should be admitted into a serious poem, because it takes off from the solemnity of the expression, and gives it too great a turn of familiarity: much less ought the low phrases and terms of art, that are adapted to husbandry, have any place in such a work as the Georgic, which is not to appear in the natural simplicity and nakedness of its subject, but in the pleasantest dress that poetry can bestow on it Thus Virgil, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make use of Tempore but Sydere in his first verse; and every where else abounds with Metaphors, Grecisms, and Circumlocutions, to give his verse the greater pomp, and preserve it from sinking into a Plebeian style. And herein consists Virgil's masterpiece, who has not only excelled all other poets, but even himself in the language of his Georgics; where we receive more strong and lively ideas of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themselves and find our imaginations more affected by his descriptions, than they would have been by the very sight of what he describes.

I shall now, after this short scheme of rules, consider the different success that Hesiod and Virgil have met with in this kind of poetry, which may give us

ſome further notion of the excellence of the Georgics. To begin with Heſiod; if we may gueſs at his character from his writings, he had much more of the huſbandman than the poet in his temper: he was wonderfully grave, diſcreet, and frugal, he lived altogether in the country, and was probably for his great prudence the oracle of the whole neighbourhood: Theſe principles of good huſbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandize, for the ſubject of that which is the moſt celebrated of them. He is every where bent on inſtruction, avoids all manner of digreſſions, and does not ſtir out of the field once in the whole Georgic. His method in deſcribing month after month with its proper ſeaſons and employments, is too grave and ſimple; it takes off from the ſurprize and variety of the poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern almanack in verſe. The reader is carried through a courſe of weather, and may before-hand gueſs wether he is to meet with ſnow or rain, clouds or ſunſhine in the next deſcription. His deſcriptions indeed have abundance of nature in them, but then it is nature in her ſimplicity and undreſs. Thus when he ſpeaks of January, 'the wild beaſts, 'ſays he, run ſhivering through the woods with their 'heads ſtooping to the ground, and their tails clapt 'between their legs; the goats and oxen are almoſt 'flea'd with cold; but it is not ſo bad with the ſheep, 'becaute they have a thick coat of wool about them. 'The old men too are bitterly pincht with the weather, 'but the young girls feel nothing of it, who ſit at home 'with their mothers by a warm fire-ſide.' Thus does

the old gentleman give himſelf up to a looſe kind of tattle, rather than endeavour after a juſt poetical deſcription. Nor has he ſhewn more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us, which are ſown ſo very thick, that they clog the poem too much, and are often ſo minute and full of circumſtances, that they weaken and unnerve his verſe. But after all, we are beholden to him for the firſt rough ſketch of a Georgic: where we may ſtill diſcover ſomething venerable in the antiquenes of the work; but if we would ſee the deſign enlarged, the figures reformed, the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finiſhed, we muſt expect it from a greater maſter's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the rules of tillage and planting into two books, which Heſiod has diſpatched in half a one; but has ſo raiſed the natural rudeneſs and ſimplicity of his ſubject with ſuch a ſignificancy of expreſſion, ſuch a pomp of verſe, ſuch variety of tranſitions, and ſuch a ſolemn air in his reflections, that if we look on both poets together, we ſee in one the plainneſs of a downright countryman, and in the other, ſomething of a ruſtic majeſty, like that of a Roman dictator at the plow-tail. He delivers the meaneſt of his precepts with a kind of grandeur, he breaks the clouds and toſſes the dung about with an air of gracefulneſs. His prognoſtications of the weather are taken out of Aratus, where we may ſee how judiciouſly he has pickt out thoſe that are moſt proper for his huſbandman's obſervation; how he has enforced the ex-

preſſion, and heightened the images which he found in the original.

The ſecond book has more wit in it, and a greater boldneſs in its metaphors than any of the reſt. The poet with a great beauty, applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, deſire, and the like, to his trees. The laſt Georgic has indeed as many metaphors, but not ſo daring as this; for human thoughts and paſſions may be more naturally aſcribed to a bee, than to an inanimate plant. He who reads over the pleaſures of a country life, as they are deſcribed by Virgil in the latter end of this book, can ſcarce be of Virgil's mind in preferring even the life of a philoſopher to it.

We may, I think, read the poet's clime in his deſcription, for he ſeems to have been in a ſweat at the writing of it.

——' O quis me gelidis ſub montibus Haemi
' Siſtat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!

And is every where mentioning among his chief pleaſures, the coolneſs of his ſhades and rivers, vales and grottos, which a more northern poet would have omitted for the deſcription of a ſunny hill, and fireſide.

The third Georgic ſeems to be the moſt laboured of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and ſpirit in the deſcription of the horſe and chariot-race. the force of love is repreſented in noble inſtances, and very ſublime expreſſions. the Scythian winter-piece appears ſo very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can ſcarce look on it without ſhivering. the murrain at the

end has all the expreſſiveneſs that words can give. it was here that the poet ſtrained hard to out-do Lucretius in the deſcriptiion of his plague, and if the reader would ſee what ſucceſs he had, he may find it at large in Scaliger.

But Virgil ſeems no where ſo well pleaſed, as when he is got among his bees in the fourth Georgic: and ennobles the actions of ſo trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the moſt important concerns of mankind. his verſes are not in a greater noiſe and hurry in the battles of Aeneas and Turnus, than in the engagement of two ſwarms. And as in his Aeneis he compares the labours of his Trojans to thoſe of bees and piſmires, here he compares the labours of the bees to thoſe of the Cyclops. In ſhort, the laſt Georgic was a good prelude to the Aeneis; and very well ſhewed what the poet could do in the deſcription of what was really great, by his deſcribing the mock-grandeur of an inſect with ſo good a grace. There is more pleaſantneſs in the little platform of a garden, which he gives us about the middle of this book, than in all the ſpacious walks and water-works of Rapin. The ſpeech of Proteus at the end can never be enough admired, and was indeed very fit to conclude ſo divine a work.

After this particular account of the beauties in the Georgics, I ſhould in the next place endeavour to point out its imperfections, if it has any. But, though I think there are ſome few parts in it that are not ſo beautiful as the reſt, I ſhall not preſume to name them, as rather ſuſpecting my own judgment, than I can be-

lieve a fault to be in that poem, which lay so long under Virgil's correction, and had his last hand put to it. The first Georgic was probably burlesqued in the author's life-time; for we still find in the scholiasts a verse that ridicules part of a line translated from Hesiod. 'nudus ara, sere nudus'——and we may easily guess at the judgment of this extraordinary critic, whoever he was, from his censuring this particular precept. We may be sure Virgil would not have translated it from Hesiod had he not discovered some beauty in it; and indeed the beauty of it is what I have before observed to be frequently met with in Virgil, the delivering the precept so indirectly, and singling out the particular circumstance of sowing and plowing naked, to suggest to us that these employments are proper only in the hot season of the year.

I shall not here compare the style of the Georgics with that of Lucretius, which the reader may see already done in the preface to the second volume of Miscellany Poems; but shall conclude this poem to be the most compleat, elaborate, and finish'd piece of all antiquity. The Aeneis indeed is of a nobler kind, but the Georgic is more perfect in its kind. The Aeneis has a greater variety of beauties in it, but those of the Georgic are more exquisite. In short, the Georgic has all the perfection that can be expected in a poem written by the greatest poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment settled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity.

TO HER

ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

PRINCESS OF WALES,

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO. Nov. 1714.

THE muſe that oft, with ſacred raptures fir'd,
Has gen'rous thoughts of liberty inſpir'd,
And, boldly riſing for Britannia's laws,
Engag'd great Cato in her country's cauſe,
On you ſubmiſſive waits, with hopes aſſur'd,
By whom the mighty bleſſing ſtands ſecur'd,
And all the glories, that our age adorn,
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.

No longer ſhall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne;
But boaſt her royal progeny's increaſe,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to ſtrengthen and to grace our iſle!
While you, fair Princeſs, in your off-ſpring ſmile,
Supplying charms to the ſucceeding age,
Each heavenly daughter's triumphs we preſage;
Already ſee th' illuſtrious youths complain,
And pity monarchs doom'd to ſigh in vain.

Thou too, the darling of our fond deſires,
Whom Albion, opening wide her arms, requires,

With manly valour and attractive air
Shalt quell the fierce, and captivate the fair.
O England's younger hope! in whom conspire
The mother's sweetness, and the father's fire!
For thee perhaps, ev'n now, of kingly race,
Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
Some Carolina, to heaven's dictates true,
Who, while the scepter'd rivals vainly sue,
Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,
And slight th' imperial diadem for thee.

Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppress,
Endanger'd rights, and liberty distrest:
To milder sounds each muse shall tune the lyre,
And gratitude, and faith to kings inspire,
And filial love; bid impious discord cease,
And sooth the madding factions into peace;
Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new monarch's praise,
Describe his awful look, and godlike mind,
And Caesar's power with Cato's virtue join'd.

Mean-while, bright Princess, who, with graceful ease
And native majesty, are form'd to please;
Behold those arts with a propitious eye,
That suppliant to their great protectress fly!
Then shall they triumph, and the British stage
Improve her manners, and refine her rage,
More noble characters expose to view,
And draw her finest heroines from you.

Nor you the kind indulgence will refuſe,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathleſs muſe:
The deathleſs muſe with undiminiſht rays
Through diſtant time the lovely dame conveys:
To Gloriana Waller's harp was ſtrung;
The queen ſtill ſhines, becauſe the poet ſung.
Even all thoſe graces, in your frame combin'd,
The common fate of mortal charms may find;
(Content our ſhort-liv'd praiſes to engage,
The joy and wonder of a ſingle age,)
Unleſs ſome poet in a laſting ſong
To late poſterity their fame prolong,
Inſtruct our ſons the radiant form to prize,
And ſee your beauty with their father's eyes.

TO
SIR GODFREY KNELLER,
ON HIS
PICTURE OF THE KING.

KNELLER, with ſilence and ſurprize
We ſee Britannia's monarch riſe,
A godlike form, by thee diſplay'd
In all the force of light and ſhade;
And, aw'd by thy deluſive hand,
As in the preſence-chamber ſtand.
The magic of thy art calls forth
His ſecret ſoul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildneſs ſhows,
His care of friends, and ſcorn of foes:
In every ſtroke, in every line,
Does ſome exalted virtue ſhine,
And Albion's happineſs we trace
Through all the features of his face.
O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation ſhall ſurvey
Their ſov'reign, thro' his wide command,
Paſſing in progreſs o'er the land!

Each heart ſhall bend, and ev'ry voice
In loud applauding ſhouts rejoice,
Whilſt all his gracious aſpect praiſe,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.

This image on the medal placed,
With its bright round of titles graced,
And ſtampt on Britiſh coins ſhall live,
To richeſt ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial ſun
Has daily, ſince his courſe begun,
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.

Thou, Kneller, long with noble pride,
The foremoſt of thy art, haſt vied
With nature in a generous ſtrife,
And touch'd the canvaſs into life.
Thy pencil has, by monarchs ſought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in their robes of ſtate array'd,
The kings of half an age diſplay'd.

Here ſwarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:
Triumphant Naſſau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd;
There Anna, great as when ſhe ſent
Her armies through the continent,
Ere yet her Hero was diſgrac't:
O may fam'd Brunſwick be the laſt,

(Tho' heaven ſhould with my wiſh agree,
And long preſerve thy art in thee)
The laſt, the happieſt Britiſh King,
Whom thou ſhalt paint, or I ſhall ſing!

Wiſe Phidias, thus his ſkill to prove,
Thro' many a god advanc'd to Jove;
And taught the poliſht rocks to ſhine
With airs and lineaments divine;
'Till Greece, amaz'd, and half-afraid,
Th' aſſembled deities ſurvey'd.

Great Pan, who wont to chaſe the fair,
And lov'd the ſpreading oak, was there;
Old Saturn too with up-caſt eyes
Beheld his abdicated ſkies;
And mighty Mars, for war renowh'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;
By him the childleſs goddeſs roſe,
Minerva, ſtudious to compoſe
Her twiſted threads; the webb ſhe ſtrung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was ſeen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her ſhort-liv'd darling ſon to mourn.
The laſt was he, whoſe thunder ſlew
The Titan-race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their king defy'd.

This wonder of the ſculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a ſtand:

For who would hope new fame to raiſe,
Or riſque his well-eſtabliſh'd praiſe,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a GEORGE, or carv'd a Jove!

FINIS.

2